The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY CHARLES J. B. FISHER,
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 4, 1833.

VOL. II.....WHOLE No. 127.
OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES"

Sporting Intelligence.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

The difficulty of hunting these animals, independently of their speed and ferocity, may be estimated by an anecdote of their extreme keenness of smell. It is related, in the Expedition of Long, that on one occasion when the exploring party were riding through a dreary country, enlivened only by vast multitudes of straggling buffaloes, as the wind was blowing from the south, the scent of the party was wafted by it directly over the river Platte; and through a distance of *eight or ten miles* its progress could be distinctly traced by the consternation it produced among the herds in all quarters. The moment the tainted breeze reached them,—so shy were they of strangers,—they began running as violently as if closely pursued by mounted hunters. This singular scene continued for the space of some hours.

These immense herds, sometimes five and even ten thousand together, wander over the wide plains of the West, in search of food, usually led on, like the deer, by a male of extraordinary size and courage. While feeding, they are scattered loosely to a great distance; when travelling, they form an immense solid column, bearing down all obstacles in its way. No river checks the march; they plunge through it in the same order with which they traverse the plains.

It is evident, that in case of a procession of this kind, pursued by the hunters, it would be in vain for the foremost to attempt turning back, or even moving aside from a nearly straight line of advance. Of this circumstance the Indians cunningly avail themselves, in such a manner as sometimes to force an entire herd over the brink of a precipice upon a rocky surface some hundred feet below.

When they determine to destroy bision in this way,—which is not very frequently,—one of their swiftest footed, and most active young men is selected who is disguised in a bison skin, having the head, ears, and horns, adjusted on his own head, so as to make the deception very complete; and thus accoutred, he stations himself between the bison herd and some of the precipices, that often extend for several miles along the rivers. The Indians surround the herd as nearly as possible, when, at a given signal, they show themselves and rush forward with loud yells. The animals being alarmed, and seeing no way open but in the direction of the disguised Indian, run towards him, and he, taking to flight, dashes on to the precipice, where he suddenly secures himself in some previously ascertained crevice. The leaders of the herd arrive at the brink—there is no possibility of retreat, no chance of escape; the foremost may for an instant shrink with terror, but the crowd behind, who are terrified by the approaching hunters, rush forward, and the aggregated force hurls them successively into the gulf, where certain death awaits them.

For a considerable time after an event like this, the wolves and vultures feast and fatten on the decaying remains, to such a degree of stupid tameness, as to suffer themselves to be knocked down by the Indians, with sticks, in the act of eating.

Much the more common, and better way of killing bison, is to attack them on horseback. The Indians, mounted, and well armed with bows and arrows, encircle the herd, and gradually drive them into a situation favorable to the employment of the horse. They then ride in and single out one, generally a female, and following her as closely as possible, wound her with arrows until the mortal blow is given, when they go in pursuit of others until their quivers are exhausted.

Tanner gives an animated sketch of an engagement between an Indian party to which he belonged, and an immense herd of Buffaloes. They were so numerous and so noisy, that when the party lay down on the ground to sleep, the night before finding them, they heard their trampling, roaring, and butting of horns at a distance, as they supposed, of near twenty miles. Starting early in the morning, they rode some hours before coming in sight of them. At the distance of ten miles, they appeared like a black line drawn along the edge of the sky, or a low shore seen across a lake. The hunters very courageously rode directly towards the herd.

'As we came,' says Tanner, 'we killed a wounded bull, which scarce made an effort to escape from us. He had wounds in his flanks, into which I could put my whole hand. As we knew that the bulls were not now good to eat, we did not wish to kill them, tho' we might easily have shot any number. Dismounting, we put our horses in the care of some of our number, who were willing to stay back for that purpose, and then crept into the herd to try to kill some cows. I had separated from the others, and advancing, got entangled among the bulls. Before I found an opportunity to shoot a cow, the bulls began to fight very near me. In their fury they were totally unconscious of my presence, and came rushing towards me with such violence, that, in some alarm for my safety, I took refuge in one of those holes which are so frequent where these animals abound, and which they themselves dig to wallow in. Here I found that they were pressing directly upon me, and I was compelled to fire to disperse them, in which I did not succeed until I had killed four of them. By this firing the cows were so frightened that I perceived I should not be able to kill any in this quarter; so regaining my horse, I rode to a distant part of the herd, where the Indians had succeeded in killing a fat cow. But from this cow, as is usual in similar cases, the herd had all moved off, except one bull, who, when I came up, still kept the Indians at bay. 'You are warriors,' said I, as I rode up, 'going far from your own country, to seek an enemy; but you cannot all together slay this animal, who has nothing in his hands.' So saying, I passed them directly towards the bull, then standing something more than two hundred yards distant. He no sooner saw me approach, than he came plunging towards me with such impetuosity, that knowing the danger to my horse and myself, I turned and fled. The Indians laughed heartily at my repulse, but they did not give over their attempts to get at the cow. By dividing the attention of the bull, and creeping up to him on different sides, they at length shot him down. While we were cutting up the cow, the herd were at no great distance, and an old cow, which the Indians supposed to be the mother of the one we had killed, taking the scent of the blood, came running with great violence directly towards us. The Indians were alarmed and fled, many of them not having their guns in their hands; but I had carefully re-loaded mine, and had it ready for use. Throwing myself down close to the body of the cow, and behind it, I waited till the other came up within a few yards of the carcass, when I fired upon her; she turned, gave one or two jumps, and fell dead. We had now the meat of two fat cows, which was as much as we wanted; accordingly, we repaired without delay to the appointed place, where we found our party, whose hunger was already somewhat allayed by a deer, one of them had killed.'

Indian Traits.

A wag happening to go into the shop of a tailor just as the latter was in the act of patching an old garment with new cloth, thus addressed the knight of the bodkin: "You, sir, are no man, and I can prove it by the highest authority." "How so," replied the unsuspecting tailor, as he plied his needle with redoubled activity, "I should like to hear the evidence for your assertion." "You shall be accommodated, sir," says the wag, asking him at the same moment, if he recollected of ever having read the passage in the New Testament which declares that "*no man* putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment." The tailor laughed heartily at the jest, and insisted upon quaffing a pint of Old Sicily with the wag, at his own expense.

INDIAN TROUT FISHING.

A large number of the American Indians, especially of those west of the Rocky Mountains, and in the neighborhood of the great Lakes, depend more upon fishing than upon hunting for their sustenance. Spearing is a very common mode of fishing among the Indians of the Lakes. One variety of it, not yet mentioned, is practised in taking the large and delicious trout of those beautiful waters, during the winter. Holes are cut through the ice of the lake, or river, of perhaps two yards in circumference. Over these, arbors are constructed, of small branches of trees, two or three feet high, and so closely covered outside with skins as wholly to exclude the light. The effect of this contrivance is, that objects may be discerned distinctly in the water beneath to a considerable depth.

A spear-head of iron being fastened to the end of a pole about ten feet in length, this instrument is lowered into the water, while the fisherman, lying flat on the ice, with his head under the cabin, and over the hole, lets down also the wooden figure of a fish, made heavy with lead or stone. Round the middle of the image a thread is tied: and when at the depth of some forty or fifty feet,—or, as deep as it is meant to be used,—it is made, by drawing the string, and by pressure of the water, to move about in the manner of a living fish. Deceived by the resemblance, the trout spring forward to seize it: but this they are prevented from effecting by a dexterous jerk of the string. The image is now drawn up nearer the surface; and the fish take some time for renewing the attack, during which the fisherman has his spear made ready for striking. This is easily done, and the fish as easily drawn out by the barb of the instrument. Henry states that the light is so entirely excluded by this contrivance, that he had himself seen the *shadows* of the fish, on the bottom, following them as they moved: and this when the ice itself was two feet in thickness. The trout are also taken by hook and line.

TAKING SALMON.

The Nootkas, and other Indians on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, are the most expert fishers on the continent. Their lines are made of whale-sinews, and are extremely tough: their hooks, of wood and bone. In taking salmon, which abound in their rivers, one person seats himself in a small canoe, and baiting his hook with a sprat, which they are always careful to procure as fresh as possible, fastens his line to the handle of the paddle: this, as he plies it in the water, keeps the fish in constant motion, so as to give it the appearance of life, which the salmon seeing, leaps at it and is instantly hooked, and by a sudden and dexterous motion of the paddle, drawn on board. Mr. Jewett, who was wrecked on the North-West coast in 1803, and lived there several years, saw twenty or thirty canoes employed at one time in fishing in this manner. The porpoise, sea-cow, and even the whale are killed with a kind of javelin or harpoon. The barbs of this instrument are formed of bone which are sharpened on the outer side, and hollowed within, for the purpose of forming a socket for the staff; these are then secured firmly together with whale-sinew, the point being fitted so as to receive a piece of muscle-shell, which is ground to a very sharp edge, and secured in its place by means of turpentine. To this head or prong is fastened a strong line of whale-sinew about nine feet in length, to the end of which is tied a bark rope from fifty to sixty fathoms long, having from twenty to thirty seal-skin floats or buoys attached to it at certain intervals, in order to check the motion of the whale and obstruct his diving. In the socket of the harpoon a staff or pole of about ten feet long, gradually tapering from the middle to each end, is placed; this the harpooner holds in his hand in order to strike the whale, and immediately detaches it as soon as the fish is struck. These tribes on the coast live almost wholly upon various kinds of fish, shell-fish, spawn, blubber and train-oil.

In a dry summer-season,—says Mr. Adair in his 'General Observations,'*—they gather horse-chestnuts, and different kinds of roots, pound them fine, and steep them for some time with water in a trough. This mixture they cast about in certain parts of a pond, and stir it with poles, until the water is more or less impregnated with the intoxicating bitter. The fish pretty soon turn over on their backs, and rise to the surface. The fishers gather in baskets as many as they wish, and the others are left to recover from their stupid slumbers in the best manner they may.

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* London, 1775. *Indian Traits.*

Mr. Tanner relates an instance which occurred, a few years ago, among a tribe of North-Western Indians, of a murder going unrevenged on account of the relations of the deceased thinking it better to lose their satisfaction for the offence, than to incur the hazard of exasperating the numerous friends of the murderer. The name of the latter was Wame-gon-a-biew; and that of the murdered man, Ke-zha-zhoons. When the body of the deceased was ready to be buried by his friends, Wa-me-gon-a-biew went away, alone, a considerable distance, and dug a grave wide and deep enough for two men. The body was brought, and lowered down. Wa-me-gon-a-biew then stripped off most of his clothes, and sitting down naked at the head of the grave, drew his knife, and offered the handle to the nearest male relative of the deceased. 'My friend' said he, 'I have killed your brother. You see I have made a grave wide enough for both of us. I am now ready and willing to sleep with him.'

The first, and second, and eventually all the friends of the murdered young man, successively refused the knife. Finding at length that none of the male relations of Ke-zha-zhoons were disposed to undertake the revenge of his murder, Wa-me-gon-a-biew rose and said to them:—'Trouble me no more, then, about this business, now or hereafter. I shall do again as I have done, if any of you venture to give me the same provocation.'

Indian Traits.

DINNER AMONG THE NIGGERS.

Gemmen and ladies, one and all, just step into the dinner if you plese. Here ladies, you set on dis side ob de table. Now gemmen and ladies help yourselves to ebery ting dat is good if you prase.—We use no coumprements here, jist dibe in, and ebery feller look out for hunself.

'Tom hand ober dat are appersause.' 'I shand do it sar!' 'By gosh if you dont I'll pull your wool for you.' 'Jack if you dont quit divin into dat are puddin so tarnationally, by gum I'll throw a tater at ye.' 'If you do I wish I might be scorched if I dont let you hab one ob dese ere biskets side ob your head, my boy.' 'Jist look at dat are nigger dare,—how he swallars them are dumplings: gosh molly! if ever I saw our brindle swallar turnips faster.' 'Sancho, what under de canoby ob Jubiter your drinken up all dat are dip for—dont you know nothin or don't you?' 'Miss Dinah, shant I help you to a piece ob dis old gobler?' 'No sar, tank you, my tomachy so confiscated.' Whose got my knife? gor, if you dont give it to me pretty soon, I'll tear dis ere goose from limb to gizzard, and scatter de wadden all ober de company!'—'Take dat little nigger foot off ob my plate, or I'll take off ob his legg.' 'If you dont keep your greasy elbow out ob my face, I'll put it between my grinders.' 'If you do you'll wish you had been born widout any.'

'Sancho, wont you hand me an *egg*?' 'Dare confound you take it.' 'Oh boderation! just look at my face and new vest now, who axed you to throw it, you black nigger?'

'Gemmen I say, why cant you eat widout quarrelling so. I should think you ant to be ashamed oh yourselves: you act jist like de berry old he debil in you. Here take a little ob dis ere gin toddy mabe settle your tomaches for you.

"GUMBO CHAFF."—*Second Part.*

A NIGGER SONG BY THOS. D. RICE.

I jump abord de bote
Oh urly in de mornin,—
An I lebe Orleans,
A gist de day was dawnin.
I hide under wood,
War de niggers jist hab toss 'em,
An lay low like de koon,
Wen he want to skare de possum.
An I keep so still,
Doe 'twas rader differkill,
An dey didint fine me out,
'Till I kum to Louisvill.

Jim beets de drum
And big Bill's de fifer;
But I'm dat ting,
What kan reed, rite, and cyfer.
Twice one is five,
Carry four to seven,—
Twice six is twenty nine,
And eighteen's a leben.
An between you an me,
It is bery plain to see,
I kan play de banjo,
By de dubble rule of tree.

I bid farwell,
To de wild goose nation,
War dey make de nigger work,
On de sugar plantation.
Wen he tir'd ob de sweets,
He only look sour,—
Dey fetch em ting ting,
Oh ebery half hour.
An dat is de way
Wat dey sarve me nite and day,
Dats de bery reason make me say
Wat I do say.

Ole massa bild a barn
For to put in all de fodder,—
Dar was dis ting, and dat ting,
An one ting on a nodder.
On forty ninth ob winter time,
Kum de rin ob water,
Wich karry ole barn,
Much furder dan it oughter.
Den old massa jump an swear,
An he rip and pull he hare,
To see de barn an fodder gwawing
Like he dont kare ware.

Den my ole massa die,
On de lebenteen ob April;
So I put em in de trough,
Wat kotch de sugar maple.
I dig'd a big hole,
Rite out pon de lebel,
An I acerly beleeve,
Dat he gwon to de Debil.
For you all do know,
He used to lite upon me so,
Now he got to tob de wood
An fire down below.

Den my ole missis took
An she marry Will de Weever,
But little did she tink,
Dat he was de gay deceever:
He grab'd all her cash,
An he jink'd it in his pocket,
An de way he fool her bed,
Was a sin to Davey Krocket.
An he bid her good by,
Den my old missis cry,
An he gwan away for eber on
To Fillermydelfy.

MOWING.

The "delicate footed May" has come at last. The poets have represented her wreathed with flowers and beaming with smiles. They have given her a voice as soft as the moanings of the wind harp and merry as the song of the mock bird. If we may believe them, her light foot fall bends not the delicate flower, or the taper grass blade on which she treads. These poets are strange fellows, and when they begin to invest an admired object with finery, they seldom know when to stop. According to our city bred notions of May, she is a strapping jade, with a step as graceless as the waddle of a squaw, and a voice as void of music as the scream of a parrot.—We would paint her following a cart covered with a motley collection of household goods, any one of which would be out of the pale of the decalogue.—Her dwelling should not be the fresh green wood, but the dingy and unwashed chamber; and instead of gathering flowers, "herself a fairer flower," we would have her putting to rights the dusty miscellany of a newly entered lodging, herself more dusty than the mingled mass a round her.

The learned have declared, that a certain number of removes is equal to a fire. We forget how many but were that number an unit, we do not believe that there would be one case of removal the less. With some people, the passion for changing lodgings is an absolute mania, and were the privilege of making themselves uncomfortable for three months denied them they would die of vexation.

Of the thousand miseries of human life, we know none more galling than the misery of moving.—When the great troubles and trials of this world come, we can summon our fortitude or our philosophy, and bear them like men. Even when they sweep over us like a hurricane and bow us to the earth, our elastic natures rise from beneath the pressure and regain their former erect attitude. But the petty vexations and contemptible annoyances that assail us when we are least prepared, gall and fret us, till we became half mad. We fear us much that the sweetness of some dispositions will be sorely exercised during the present month, and the temper that can pass through such an ordeal, will have its qualities amply proved. The cracking of a piece of china or a pier glass, the making a table one leg the less, and other accidents of an equally trifling nature—small matters though they be—may give a tone and color to the lives of many; for an exposure of hasty or ungovernable temper might seriously affect sundry little arrangements, and prevent many "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Commend us to the philosophy of that being who is unmoved and unruffled throughout the whole ceremony of changing lodgings.—*Standard.*

Sagacity of a Horse.—An incident occurred this forenoon, well calculated to excite admiration for that noblest of animals, the Horse. A fine, large, dark bay, that is seen daily in our streets attached to Mr John Taylor's beer dray, was standing this morning, in front of Mr. Usher's grocery, in Division st. A load of hay coming up Division street, was obstructed by the dray. As the wagon came up to the dray, the man upon his load of hay said "*get out of the way.*" The dray horse looked round and seeing that he blocked the street, moved round the corner of Division, into Greene street, and, after the wagon had passed, backed his dray round into Division street and resumed the exact position which he left to enable the wagoner to pass! The drayman was not present, no person touched a rein, nor was a word spoken to the horse except by the wagoner, who ordered him to "get out of the way."—*Albany Jour.*

THE RENEGADE'S REVENGE.

A story recorded of one of the first settlers of Kentucky, one Simon Butler, is a remarkable specimen of those lost singular adventures which the settlers of the frontiers have occasionally had among the Indians. During the Revolutionary war, he undertook a journey to the northern regions of what is now Ohio, and was made prisoner by the savages. They painted him black, as is their custom, when a victim is devoted to torture; and informed him that he was destined to be burned at Chillicothe. Meanwhile, for their own amusement, and as a prelude to his torture, they manacled him hand and foot, placed him on an unbridled and unbroken horse, and turned the animal loose, driving it off at its utmost speed, with shouts, delighted with witnessing its mode of disposing of its living burden. The horse, unable to shake off this new and strange incumbrance, made for the thickest covert of woods and brambles with the speed of the winds. It is easy to conjecture the position and sufferings of the victim. The terrified animal exhausted itself in fruitless efforts to shake off its burden, and worn down and subdued, brought Butler back amidst the exulting yells of the savages to the camp.

Arrived within a mile of Chillicothe, they halted, took Butler from his horse, and tied him to a stake, where he remained twenty-four hours in one position. He was taken from the stake to 'run the gantlet.' If he reached the council-house alive, he was to be spared. In the lines were nearly six hundred Indians, and Butler had to make his way almost a mile in the endurance of this infernal sport. He was started by a blow, but soon broke through the files, and had almost reached the council-house, when a stout warrior knocked him down with a club. He was severely beaten in this position, and taken back again to custody.

Not yet satisfied, for Butler was probably known as an old and powerful enemy,—they now marched him from village to village, to give all a spectacle of his sufferings. He run the gantlet thirteen times. He made various attempts to escape; and in one instance would have effected it, had he not been arrested by some savages, who were accidentally returning to the village, from which he was escaping. It was finally determined to burn him at the lower Sandusky, but an apparent accident changed his destiny.

In passing to the stake, the procession went by the cabin of Simon Girty, a renegado white man, who lived among the Indians, and had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition against the whites on the Frontiers of Pennsylvania. The wretch burned with disappointment and revenge; and hearing that there was a white man going to the torture determined to wreak his vengeance on him. He found the unfortunate Butler, threw him to the ground, and began to beat him. Butler, who instantly recognized in Girty a former companion of his youth, made himself known to him. His savage heart relented. He raised him up, and promised to use his influence to save him. Girty had a council called, and induced the savages to give Butler up to him. He took the unfortunate man home, fed, and clothed him; and Butler began to recruit from his wounds and torture. But the relenting of the enemy in his favor was only momentary. After five days, they repented of their relaxation in his favor, reclaimed him, and marched him to lower Sandusky, to be burned, according to their original purpose. By a surprising coincidence, he there met the Indian agent from Detroit, who, from motives of humanity, exerted his influence with the savages for his release, and took him with him to Detroit. Here the Governor humanely exerted himself to procure his release on 'parole.' He afterwards escaped, and by a march of thirty days through the wilderness, reached Kentucky.

Indian Traits.

A MAXIM OVERTURNED.

'Tis held that naught's *so light as air*,
Yet when for *window tax* they levy,
The maxim we refute, and swear
That *air* thus charged comes deuced *heavy*.

LIST OF RACES TO COME.

May 14—*Central Course*, Baltimore.

A silver cup of the cost of $500, and a purse of not less amount—a sweepstakes amounting to three thousand dollars—proprietor's purse $500—Jockey Club purse $1000—a sweepstakes for Maryland and District of Columbia colts, for $700; making in the week, besides match races which may be made:

Cup and $500,	$1000
Match,	1000
Sweepstakes,	700
Ditto,	3000
Proprietor's purse,	500
Jockey Club purse,	1000
	$7200

May 15—*Huntsville Spring Races*, Alabama.
Poststake—3 year old Colts.
May 16—and 3 following days.

May 27—*New York Races*—4 days.
Sweepstake—single 4 miles—entrance $4000.
Produce Sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $500
" " " " $300
Proprietors's Purse, $300—two mile heats.
Jockey Club Purse, $800—five "
A Purse, $400—three "
A match, 'Robin Hood' and 'De Witt Clinton,' two miles and repeat.

May 29—*Marion Course*, Alabama.
Sweepstakes—4 entered.

June 6—*Poughkeepsie Races*, Dutchess county

FIRST DAY.

At 12 o'clock, Sweepstakes for three year old Colts Mile heats—for $300 each, $100 forfeit,—nine subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats—purse,	$200
SECOND DAY,	
At 2 o'clock, three mile heats—purse	$300
THIRD DAY,	
At 2 o'clock, four mile heats—purse	$500

June 11—*Lawrenceville Races*, Va.—3 days.

FIRST DAY.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. f. four or more to make a race.

SECOND DAY,

Proprietor's Purse $250, entrance $15, two mile heats.

THIRD DAY,

Jockey Club Purse $500, $20 entrance, four mile heats.

Immediately after this race, an elegant saddle, bridle, &c. will be hung up to be run for.

July 4—*Tallahassee Course*, Florida.
Sweepstakes—3 year old Colts.
(List to close as above date.)

For the New York Traveller, Times and Journal.

A HANGMAN'S COMPLAINT,

AT THE BADNESS OF TRADE.

The following letter, now for the first time published, was found among the papers of Thomas Galvan, Esquire, the very celebrated, and but lately deceased Jack Ketch, of the city of Dublin. He received it some ten years ago, from a brother knight of the *collar* in the country.

MY DEAR TOMMY,—

Is it about the state of bizziness in the country you'd be axin me? Why, thin' to say the very least of it, it's as bad as it can be, and what's more, promises to be much worse. Howsomdever, I'm happy to inform you that it's not for want of employment, for thanks be to God, and our good friend, Lord Norbury, trade is as brisk as ever, but it's all owin to a hangingbone set of upstarts, who, findin the bizziness of the *road bad*, have lately set up for themselves, and are carryin every thing before thim at half price.

'O, Tom, my darlin, it would grieve your kind heart to see one of thim *finishin* off a *subject*—they knows nothin of the arts of polish or politeness, and signs bye it, very few gintlemin get hanged now-a-days, at all, at all; nor indeed, is it any wondher, considering the very clumsy way they may expect to have it done in. You know Jack Madher's? Well, even your ould chum, Jack, had the vanity to begin, and offers to do the thing as ginteely as possible for six shillins *a tie*; but the very first time I saw him tryin his hand, it had such an effect on me, that I would have volunteered to have done the job myself, only that *the case* wore a bad pair of breches, and you know yourself, Tommy, that I scorn to officiate on nothin, barrin gintlemen, unless when it can't be helped.

Still Tam my boy we musent be down-hearted, but unite together and petition his majesty about it, who has too much regard for the welfare of his beloved subjects to suffer thim to be done for in a rough manner for the lucre of a few shillings a piece. I have seen Ned Sparks, and roaring Bill Johnson on the subject, and as you are the oldest nimber of the body, and have had the benifit of most practice, particularly amongst the nobility we call upon you to present our grevences, with strict conjunctions to dwell as much as possible on our edfication and experence, not forgettin to hold up to the light the ignorance and barbarity of the opposition.

If all this fail, thin Tam I tell you what, I'll forsake the tradge altogether, for there will be na further honor to be had in it, besides the dis-reputation of associatin with clod-hoppers, and hagin for less than a guinea a head.

Trusting in God, and the
Strength of our cause, I remain
Your brother in tribulation
JIM SMITH.

P. S. Dr. Tom. Harry Sloan sends his best respects to you,—he died like a man this morning at 6 o'clock, and left me a new hat—isn't it a comfort too have the finishing of such fellows as Harry. J. S.

Dundalk, March 6, 1824.

HANS AND HIS WATCH.

Hans once pawned a watch.—Luckless was the man who took it in! By day and by night was the chronometer of Hans a source of exquisite annoyance to the money lender. Hans entertained a notion, which, in a theoretical view, was by no means extravagant; but practically applied, demanded of the patient all the virtues of the man of Uz. Hans reasoned thus: "Mr. ——— having my watch, surely I have a right to call at any time to ask the hour." And this right he never lost an opportunity of enforcing. Thus—for the shop lay a few doors from his home—at morning and night he would call, with his one question, "What's o'clock?" He would knock, ring the bell, thump the shutters; and when, at length, the night-capped pawnbroker threw up the window, and thrust forth his head—there, like the night raven, was Hans. Pop was the question, "What's o'clock?" At times, by some subtle invention, he would inflict the query as the sting of a narrative, as thus: "Mr. ———, mein vrow is just got a littell poy; and as I put down in the Bible ven the children are porn, vill you tell me vhat's o'clock?" At other times, his wife, or his "littell poy" was ill, and having to take medicine at a certain hour, he just begged to know; "what's o'clock?" Mercury—for surely he is Han's tutelar deity—alone knows how long this war would have been inflicted on the pawnbroker, had not a most fortunate occurrence put an end to the evil. His shop was one night burnt to the ground, and with it was irretrievably lost the "family watch" of Hans Kutzlus.

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

During the play of *Victorine* on Monday night last, we were much amused with a short dialogue between two tars, who were snugly seated in the boxes.

"I say, ben,"—said one, "this is rather dry work,—splice my timbers, if I ar'nt as dry as a crooked windlass."

"Blast ye," Mike, replied Ben, "can't ye hold on a little—the first act is just over—the trim built craft has just turned into her hammock, and if you'll only wait a while, we'll see her turn out again. I'll tell you what, if you go out into the lobby to draw your grog—you won't get back in time to see the gal get up."

"Time, did you say?" retorted Ben, "don't you see by the bill that there's a trifle of "*five years between the first and second acts.*"

Mike yielded, after having looked at the bill, remarking that but few would live to see the end of the play.—*Baltimore Visitor.*

Snake Story.—A gentleman called at our office a day or two since, and gave us an account of a snake's nest recently found in East Kingston in this state, which is nearly equal to any which can be raised south of the Potomac. Two large black snakes were seen to enter a small hole near an old cellar, which had been covered over, and the walls left standing. Digging was immediately commenced, and at the last dates, they had taken from the wall, all told, seventy five snakes, and the prospect was then good for ten times the number more. In those taken, were 53 black, 10 striped, 3 red bellied snakes, and nine house adders. The Blacks and the Adders were, as the trader says of his goods, "of the largest and most beautiful patterns," measuring from two to five feet, and of perfect symetry of proportions—splendid fellows!

Our informant vouches for the truth of the above statement, with the exception of the length of the snakes—he did not measure them, but thought they were represented by the by-standers, *a little too long*.—*Telegraph.*

Roanoke wit.—Randolph, speaking of Henry Clay, said: "He is highly talented and utterly corrupt, and stinks and shines like rotten mackerel by moonlight."

BLACK HAWK AND THE PROPHET.

Black Hawk and his son, the Prophet and his son, and the other Indian hostages surrendered under the late treaty, waited on the President yesterday, to receive his orders. The President methem kindly. He directed the articles of dress provided for them to be exhibited to them, and told the principal chief that the whole would be delivered to him to be distributed with a view to their common comfort—that they must repair immediately to Fort Monroe, and remain there contented, until he gave them permission to return to their homes—that the term of their detention depended upon the conduct of their respective tribes—and that they would not be restored to their families until it was ascertained that the stipulations of the treaty had been complied with by their people, and all the bad feeling which led to the bloody scenes on the frontiers banished.

The Prophet replied to the President, and said, that they expected to be permitted to return immediately to their people; that the war in which they had been involved, grew out of their attempt to raise provisions, where they supposed they had a right to do so; that they had lost many of their people, as well as the whites; that their tribes and families were now exposed to the attacks of their enemies, the Sioux and Muenounees, and that they hoped to be permitted to return home to take care of them.

Black Hawk added to the remarks of the prophet, that they considered, that like Keobuck, they had come to visit the President, and, like him, would be permitted to return to their homes. He entered into some brief explanation of the cause of the aggressions on the frontier.

The President told them in conclusion that he was well apprized of the circumstances which led to the disasters alluded to—that it was unnecessary to look back to them—it was his purpose now to secure the observance of peace—to prevent the frontiers being again stained with the blood of its inhabitants, the peaceful and helpless:—that they need feel no uneasiness about their own women and children—they should not suffer from their enemies, the Sioux and Menounees. He meant to compel the red man to be at peace with each other, as well as with their white neighbors. That he had taken measures with this view, and when it was ascertained that they were effectual—when the tribes had learned that the power they attempted to contend with, was equally able and disposed to protect the peaceful, and to punish the violence of aggressors—when his information assured him that their people in particular, were convinced of this, and were disposed quietly and in good faith to observe the terms of peace granted to them, then they would be restored to their families. He then gave his hand to the Chiefs, and dismissed them.

Black Hawk is not an ill-looking man. His countenance is intelligent, and not savage. The Prophet, however, possesses the look of the mischief-maker, and, indeed, he assumed to be the principal in the interview with the President. He was, we suppose, the instigator of the massacres perpetrated on the frontier. His utterance and manner, as well as his countenance, indicated a dark and ferocious character.—*Globe.*

Fashionable Vulgarities of New York.—Ostentatious Dinners, where the guests are bored to death with a profusion of superfluous dishes, superfluous bottles, superfluous glasses, and superfluous cut glass; and lumbering finery of all sorts, where the guests are invited and estimated on the score of their purses; where the conversation consists of dissertations on wines, and comparisons of the respective excellence of each, and where the hired cook after serving up the dishes, takes his place as a waiter to eke out the scene of ostentation.

Ostentatious Parties, where Ladies dress to fanaticism, and young gentlemen wear black stocks and speckled stockings, where the finery is all borrowed or hired; where you see the same hired waiters, the same great punch bowl, the same everlasting lamps, and the same desperate attempts at outdoing their rivals of the *ton*; where the company is rated according to the Wall street standard, and the party according to the quantity of champagne and pickled oysters.

Married Ladies dressed for a walk as if going to an assembly, with gowns the extreme breadth and redundancy of whose folds are desperately contrasted with their length, leading by the hand little children so overloaded with finery that they have no room to grow bigger, and never get to be more than four feet and a half high.

An affectation of contempt for every thing American, and of admiration for every thing foreign; an affectation of taste for Italian music without any taste; an affectation of literature without any literature; an affectation of fashionable manners without any manners; and a violent desire to be elegant without knowing exactly how to go about it. Indeed no rusticity of manners is half so vulgar in the eyes of people of real refinement as *affectation.*—*Courier.*

Dreadful Murder.—As a gentleman was passing, yesterday morning, in Spruce-street, near Schuylkill Fifth, he discovered on the commons, the lifeless body of a colored woman, whose throat had been horribly cut from ear to ear. Her clothes were much torn, as if a violent struggle had preceded her death. An old razor was found near the corpse, with the handle broken, as if the hand of the murderer had been held off by the deceased. A coroners inquest has been held over the body, but we have not yet learned the verdict of the jury.

The Two Blues.—Lady Morgan and Mrs. Opie met some time ago in Paris, at the Soiree of Lafayette, and the author of "Italy" amused herself in quizzing unmercifully the author of "The Father and Daughter," whose quiet humour, however, was rather too much for the flight-tongued Irish lady—her jokes rebounded like so many peas flung against parchment—Lady Morgan had the worst of it: and at length endeavored to conclude a treaty of peace, by asking her fair "friend" if she might set her down at her hotel. "No, I thank thee," replied the sly Quaker, with a sarcastic twirl of the upper lip; "No, I thank thee, friend Sydney—I am not going thy way." It was a rare sight to see Mrs. Opie, in her singular garb, among the gayest of the Parisian belles and beaux; she was invariably considered the representative of some strange and unknown order of *sœurs de charité*, and—we mean no offence—might well have been likened to a Guinea hen among a group of peacocks.—*Town.*

A few evenings since, a young man in the employment of Mr. E. S. Adams, in this village, by the name of Philo Matson, actually swallowed a living rat about four inches in length, incuding the tail, on a trifling wager of fifty cents! When fairly stowed inside, Matson remarked, that his ratship was dodging about in his empty stomach, and instantly gulphed down two quarts of cider, to set him afloat. The deluged Jonah kept floundering like another 'arch fiend in chaos,' till a huge tobacco quid rolling into 'the middle,' proved an ugly 'deadfall' to the 'rat in the gentleman's kitchen.' Matson suffered no further inconvenience from this marvellous rat extermination. The above is no hoax, but is susceptible of proof that would satisfy the most incredulous.—*Ohio Atlas.*

Power of Music.—Mr. Jenks, of the Nantucket Inquirer, says—"Paganini has fiddled himself into a title of nobility. He has been created a German Baron—a Commander of Westphalia: the honor to be hereditary; going down to posterity according to the rules of primogeniture. His escutcheon should be ornamented with a catgut cord couchant, a horsetail rampant, and a fiddle-stick salient."

THE DREAM.

I slept—a dream came over me—a dream of far-off years,
I dreamt I was a child again, a thing of cries and tears;
I thought I saw my mother's form bend o'er me, and her voice
Sweetly I heard, in whispered tones, invite me to rejoice.

I slept—a dream came over me—I seemed a blooming boy,
And every path I turned into, still brought me sweets and joy,
And there I saw my mother's eye, that watched me in my play,
And heard her voice, from perils near, that call'd me far away.

I slept—a dream came over me—I wanton'd thro' the world,
And pleasure held her banners high, all glittering and unfurl'd;
Yet still my mother's form was there—she prest me to her heart,
And bade me not for fancy's dreams, from home and her depart.

I slept—a dream came over me—there came a lady, fair,
With features soft and beautiful, and light and clustering hair;
She smil'd and bid me follow her, my mother stood between,
But o'er my mother's shoulders still, that maiden's smile was seen.

I slept—a dream came over me—I threw around mine eye,
But clouds of darkness met me there, and not my cloudless sky;
I turn'd to chide the maiden fair, who wil'd me from my home—
I look'd upon the stormy sea—and saw its wild waves foam.

I slept—a dream came over me—the years of youth had past,
I'd roved the wide world over long, but found my home at last;
I visited each early spot, and gave to each a tear,
But most I lov'd to linger o'er my mother's lonely bier.

I slept—a dream came over me—disease was in my brain;
I restless on my pillow turn'd, methought I heard a strain
Of softly-breathing music, that seem'd floating in the air—
The heavens open'd, and I saw—my mother smiling there.

LONDON BEGGARY.

One negro beggar (says the London correspondent of the Auburn Free Press,) has retired with a fortune of $6660. Women that have no children of their own, or have not enough of them, will hire one, two, or three, (the more the better) at from 6d. to 9d. sterling each per day; and they estimate that with three children, especially if almost naked, in a cold day, they can collect from 4 to 7 shillings sterling. If they can possibly get hold of a blind child, or one that is deaf and dumb they will give one shilling per day. A child that is most shockingly deformed is considered as a sort of windfall at almost any price—but 4 shillings per day. They have their regular Clubs and Societies, and when they meet they drink and feed well, read the papers and talk politics—and if any one should attempt to take a regular *stand or walk* without first being regularly admitted—woe be unto him the first dark night. Men with but one leg or arm, or neither, are getting into great demand. The average collections are from 3 to 5 shillings each, about 2s. and 6d. of which they spend at night. A blind man led by his dog, being taken up a short time ago and examined, it was found that his day's begging amounted to 8s 6d.

One of the beggars, when questioned closely, said he went through 40 streets a day, "and it's a poor street that does not yield two pence." You perceive this would make 6s. 8d. sterling ($1 48) per day—a pretty fair business. It was proved before the Commons Committee that an old woman kept a high school for the purpose of instructing children in the "street language." The number of vagrant beggars now in London is supposed to exceed 40,000. The number of paupers relieved in London in one year was 117,316. The money raised by the rates was $3,016,020 96; being 13s. 5 1-2 sterling per head on the population.

BULLS.

Sir Jonah Barrington's "Crocodile pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket," will never be forgotten in the Four Courts of Dublin or out of them. But the Irish Baronet is not the only person entitled to such a distinction, instances of similar blunders occur every day in England. A "Traveller," in the London Magazine, for September, 1826, thus expresses himself," I observed for the first time the olive this morning, I plucked a small branch of it, and wore it all day in my button hole, like Noah's dove." Conceive Noah's dove wearing a branch of olive at her button hole! Sir Francis Burdett, in addressing the Westminster electors in Palace-yard on one occasion, inveighed, as usual

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mourful tale;
Or prose the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, May 4, 1833.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

While putting the form on the Press last week, an accident occurred that displaced a number of the type, by which some of our papers were much obliterated.—We most sincerely regret it, and now take the best means to prove it, by presenting the paper to our Subscribers this week, printed from an entirely new type, so that such an accident shall not occur again.

We shall feel particularly obliged to such of our Country Subscribers, whose residences are too detached or remote to be called on by our Collectors, if they will be polite enough to remit the amount of their subscriptions.

Mr. James Hildreth is appointed to collect for us in the Western parts of the State of New York, and we shall feel much obliged if our friends will remit us through his hands.

MAY.

May—May—my bonny May, long hoped for thou hast come at last, and we trust we shall have many a pleasant hour together, before thou art again recalled to thy native heaven. The "top of the morning to thee thou merry maid of the rosy brow and green slippers—nay no frowning if you please,—but O! we cry thy mercy Madam, it was merely a stray cloud floating over thy sunny cheek,—the border of a dripping veil which that coquetting jade Spring has left behind, in her hurry.

But now my girl that we have met thee with a suitable greeting, we trust you will grant us something in return—nothing, for nothing, you know, is a very honest maxim. In the first place we want a spirit, buoyant as thy beauty—in the second a—a—a garland for our lady's hair—and in the third, (and O! tremble all ye who have any antipathy to the muses) inspiration sufficient for the supply of our poets corner, until we again have the felicity of basking in the sunlight of thy blessed countenance.

* * * * * *

Mercy on us, what a change thou hast effected among the ladies,—now they are light, buoyant, and blooming as thyself, while but a few days since, and all we could find left of them about the streets were a few shivering sprigs, seemingly fostered in an ice house, with their cheeks, pale as withered lilies, and the *azure* of their eyes, apparently evaporated, or else gone to seek more comfortable quarters in the *tips* of their *noses*.

But not alone are poets and ladies, benefitted by thy presence, thou welcomest handmaid of heaven,—bold, flood and flower, bud, brook and bower, are joyous and full of thee. The infant rosebuds can no longer conceal their rapture, but are struggling from their covers to mingle their fragrance with thy glory. The woods are alive with melody,—the dark blue ocean is laughing in tranquility and joy—Heaven and Earth have arrayed themselves in their brightest smiles to welcome thy visit, and he who could not for a time forget a few individual misfortunes to participate in thy gladness, is undeserving of its influence, or an heritage in this most beautiful world.

ORIGINAL ITEMS.

An old Adage.—A Mr. John Smith of Baltimore was lately muleted in the sum of two thousand dollars for a breach of promise of marriage to a Miss *Swords* of the same city. This is another proof of the old adage that those people who play with *sharp tools* should take care of their fingers.

A definite Answer.—A young gentleman asked a lady one day "what she thought of the marriage state in *general*?——Not "knowing, can't tell" was the reply, "but if you and I were to put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

Losing a Crown.—Two Cavalry soldiers quarrelling one morning on Carlisle Bridge in the city of Dublin, drew their swords, and attacked each other with such violence, that one of them cut off the other's head, which tumbled into the Liffey. A countryman coming up some time after, and seeing the crowd, asked a by-stander what was the matter. O nothing, says he, but that a man yonder has just dropped a *crown*-piece in the river.

PROGRESS OF ART.

Herrings have lately been made serviceable in the manufacture of tow into silk, at least a Mr. Thomas Silk has just been married to a Miss Lucinda Tow, by Rev. Wm. Herring, of the city of Pittsburgh.

AN ENGLISH BULL.

A brick-layer, in Brampton, being lately employed to build a roof over a furnace, absolutely built himself in before he discovered that some little opening would be necessary in order to get out again.

Explosion of a Steam Engine and Fearful Loss of Lives.—A gentleman in the south, lately borrowed his friends calumet, and began piping away, when, all of a sudden, it went off with such an explosion that it was full five minutes before he could assur himself that it had not taken his head along with it. On subsequent investigation, it was ascertained that the fatal machine had been primed with powder, and that five and twenty unfortunate muskетoes who were collecting at the time to sup upon his nose, were killed or wounded upon the spot.

A writer in the Boston Courier wishes to know if money be as plentiful in New York as report says? We believe we may conscientiously answer, yes: for we lately met an Editor in the street in a new suit of black, and apparently on *very good terms with his tailor*.

Not long since, at the time of the election, a lofty hickory tree was erected, and preparations made for mounting the "stripes and stars," opposite one of our Ward Hotels; but when the pole was up, and all things appeared ready for the flag, it was found that they had not reefed the halyards, and the question was how to get them done. A solicitation was made to the aspiring by-standers, but nobody was inclined to rise so high in the world for the mere honor and glory of the thing,—for forty feet of a perpendicular pole are not climbed as easily as a ladder. At last, all-powerful money was tried, and an offer made for any one to go aloft. Some looked at the dollars, and thought of the climbing, then had a glance at the hickory pole and a scratch at their own, yet there the matters rested, and the halyards, too. At length a little sailor boy off coat, and to it he went, amidst the cheers of one party, and the jeers of the other. The height was gained, and the boy returned, when it was discovered that the ropes had got twisted. Away, again, went the boy, like Jack on the bean stalk—removed the obstruction, and once more regained a well-grounded footing. The money was forthwith tendered him, but with a magnanimity rather unusual in youth, he refused the dollars, and said, "take away your money; I did'nt mount the hickory tree for dollars; I went the whole figure for Jackson."

It is thought the ladies will never be able to acquire the Pagganinian system of playing the fiddle in consequence of their general partiality for having more than one string to their bows.

For the Traveller and Times.

BRIAN O'FLANAGAN'S VISIT TO THE MOON.

"Pan my sowl Pat I can't believe the half af it."

"Och! thin that I may never be married, but I could swear it all to you on a book of ballads."

"Well to be shure bud its a wondherful thing any way. Could'nt a body prevail on you to give him the particulars."

"May be you could indeed only—ahem—ahem—I say, Jack alana is'nt it very cowld you are this mornin?"

"Na Paddy, its rather warm I am I thank you."

"Now thin bud that's mighty strange. Howsomever I suppose its all owin to the corn beef I had for dinner, and the nasty sheverin it has left about my heart ever since."

"A! Paddy ma bochal I beg tin thousand pardons for not understandin you sooner,—you think thin that stories are always very dull and *dry* that proceed from a thirty stomach."

"Bloodanages Jack what a prophet you are.—"Well wee'll jist step in to Nancy Malone's at the corner here,—the divil another glass like it in town—here Nanny a noggin of the best—now Paddy avic the story."

Is it Brian O'Flanagan's journey to the moon you main? Well to be shure but it's a very quare sort of a story any how. Brian you see, was a terrible fellow intirely for the girls, but of all others he used to try to put the comhether on Mary Brophy, the Grazier's daughter, who besides having the purtyest pair of black eyes of her own in the parish, was celebrated, far and wide, as being heiress to the Monge Meadows and twenty pounds a year. This of course, was considered a high piece of presumption on the part of Brian, and one mornin auld Brophy grew so warm on the strength of it, that he broke the handle of the pitchfork on his back and threat'ned him with the stocks or the horse pond, if ever as much as the shadow of his shoe strings darkened his door again.

Brian, from that day forward became mighty peevish intirely, and all of a sudden took a very strange fancy to edication and astrology. This was the more extraordinary, as it was never suspected he could tell a B from a bull's foot, but now he used to be always making the grandest copybooks in the world, of the sand, and writing in thim with the end of his walking stick.

"Well but Paddy what has all this to do with his Jawrney to the moon?"

"Och! bother! can't you be aisy, and wait abit, shure you would'nt have a man commence thavelin, before he larned minseration. Howsomever Brian had no notion at the time of what was goin to happen at all at all, and only took to larnin, to divart his love for Mary, and to gratify a sort of longing he had about the stars. But Jackaroon, dont you think that's a mighty finikin sort of a noggin we have! for my part I believe they sell the Dane measure in some places yet, in spight of his majesty's proclamation."

Very likely indeed Paddy—Mrs. Malone another Noggin if you please."

"Och! not another dhrop for the world! I hope Jack, you don't mean to insinuate that I was given you any undher hand hint—Nanny my darlant you need'nt have minded dhrawin it—but thin to be shure its not worth fightin about any how. Where was I? O! among the stars—Well, as I was saying, he was at it hammer and tongs, day and night, lyin on the broad of his back, and lookin up in the elements, when of all the days in the year one dark night, he fell ashleep in the middle of his studdies, and began a dhramin. The next mornin by day break as I was goin to plough, I saw him wandherin about the field, an lookin as wild as a March hare.

"The top of the mornin to you, Brian avic, sez I."

O Paddy sez he, looking as glum as a tithe proctor, dont be afther tormentin us.

"Far be it from me sez I, but what is it ails you at all at all?"

"Enough" sez he.

"Thin, sez I, it must be worth the tellin."

"Not for all the universe, sez he, for it's a grait secret"

"I dont mean to offer you any bribe, sez I, but if it's for clearin your throat you are this mornin, I would'nt mind listenin to it over a madher of Potcheen."

I knew this was a shot at the blind side of Brian, that he could'nt resist, and signs by it, graspin me by the hand, and lookin me full in the face, Paddy you rashkill, sez he, I think I might thrust you.

"The divil a doubt of that, sez I, particularly if you'll take my own word for it.

"Well Paddy, sez he, it's not for the lucre of your noggin I'm tellin you, though to be shure a dhrop or two is very wholesome in the mornin, but do you knaw I'm a ruin'd man!"

"Tareanounty man sez I, what can you main by that, for shure you must be worse than nothin if you're poorer than usual!"

"You're undher a bit of a mistake there sez he, (with a saucy curl of his nose, for the divil a boy out was quicker of takin an affront than Brian) but the short and the long of it is this, that last night as I was sleepin, a man comes down from the cloads on a white gandher, and afther hittin me a kick in the fifth rib to prepare me for the information, he shouts into my right ear Brian O'Flannagan of Mulinadug, sez he, there's a large forthin waitin on you in the moon yondher."

"Is it up among the stars, sir, sez I." "Hawld your tongue sez he, until I have delivered my message, as I towld you, there's a forthin waitin on you in the moon, and all that's required is for you to come up and take possession so good mornin to you Mr. O'Flanigan—with that he was gone like a good sixpence."

"The thought immediately occurred to me that I was Arthur O'Bradley'd out of my whiskey, so says I to him, Murther in Irish Brian sez I do you believe this?"

"Its pure gospel sez he, for accordin to the ould sayin, 'seein's believin, but feeling has no fellow" and I'm shure both my eyes, ears, and ribs, are ringing with the proof of it still."

"I'm clane chaited thought I, but at all events I'll have the worth of my fourpence one way or other, so I begun to laugh at him, but scarcely had I opened my mouth, than he jumped up, swore an oath that might have staggered a trooper,—flung the empty madher at my head, and jumped out of the window."

"Three weeks had now gone bye since the bizziness of the white gandher, and I had never clapped an eye on Brian, though, too be shure I heard he was very busy all the time making some preparation about an ould ash tree that was growin in his garden, when one mornin he steps in to the cabin, and sez he, Paddy avic how are you."

Nothin the bether of the empty madher any way sez I—you see Mr. Kinshela, I always had a mighty grait aversion, to empty veshels.

"Och I see, sez the blind man.—Mrs. Malone, its callin we are."

"Och dont mintion it for the world—*Mrs. Malone, the lift hand bottle if you plaise*—but as I was sayin, Brian began to smile when I spoke of the madher, and winkin with his right eye. Paddy sez he forget and forgive, for I'm goin to take my lave of you for ever."

"Is it for Ameriky, or the city of Dublin sez I."

"Neither sez he, but in plain ernest, I'm goin to the moon to right to take possession of my property."

Well I looked at him right in the face and would have began to laugh at him again only in regard of my broken head; but the devil a smile was on his countenance no more nor on an ould maids at a christenin—so at last Brian sez I do you thravel by yourself.

"Yes sez he, but I'll want somebody too see me a peice on the road.

I'm your man sez I as far as lookin goes, and accordingly we both went down to Billy Drury's and made ourselves very comfortable durin the day, and at night, when the moon was shining out like a polished trencher, we went into the the garden and there to be shure lay the ash I was tellin you about, bent downwards like a bow and tied with strong tethers to the ground.

"Now sez Brian, when I say a pathernostar and take a stirrip cup, I'm off like yesterday; and accordingly afther crassin himself, and emptyin a horn of Drury's best, he sits down on the end of the three that was fastened to the ground.

"Why! that you may go up a ladder to die sez I, but is it a fool you're making of me. Shure man you'll never be able to turn a three into a ship, to ride through the elimints.

"Howld your tongue sez he, but do as I tell you," here he took another swig from the bottle, and handin an axe in to my hand, give a sudden chap at the cords with that sez he, "and I'm a man for ever."

Here's at you my darlant sez I, swinging the hatchet round my head and giving the sthroke, "Good night Avic sez he, and at that instant the cords snapped in two—the ash sprung up in its auld position—and Brian O'Flanagan went whizzin thro' the air like a sky-rocket.

O! indeed you may look as you will, but the divil a one word of a lye in it, and more be token I kept my eyes fixed on him till he entered a cloud, when I lost sight of him for a while, but in a little time afther I could plainly see a black speck in the sky that was nearly out of sight, and the next moment the moon grew very dark, and began to shake and thremble from one side to the other, as if it had got a dhrop too much, but in a few minutes afther it was as bright and as steady as ever—Brian my darlant say I, you're landed at last, so drinkin success to him on his journey. I left the garden.

* * * * * *

"From the time that Brophy the grazier gave Brian the dirty turn out, Mary began to fall away like a pig in frosty weather, when there's no room, but still her father was too proud to submit. Indeed he was often heard to swair that no body should ever put the *shape* of the world on his daughters finger barin a gentleman that had seen furrin parts, and brought home a purse of gold about his neck as a trophy. It appears he came to this determination from a dhraim he had the night Mary was born.—What sez he one mornin give you to a fellow that would hang the pope for a glass of whiskey. No, no girl, no man jumps the broomstick with you that can't make a lady of you, so be off to your churn, and bring me a haperth of tobacky.

* * * * * *

One moonlight night, about three weeks afther Brian O'Flanigan's departure, we were all gathered at the cross-roads to a dance. When sez Jack Mollay, it's a mighty strange thing intirely what has become of poor Brian Flanagan, for I'll never believe Paddy Mc Nab yondher, that its gone to the moon he is.

It's little mather sez ould Brophy, if its gone to the divil he is.

It's yourself that's in the right sez Maguire the piper, for he was nothin but a hell-bird from the hour he was born, and more be token he broke the dhrone of my new bagpipes last Michaelmas.

"At all events sez Mary, he was the purtyest boy in the Barony."

"Yes, but he was a grait curser sez the clark of the parish."

And the very devil at drinking whiskey, sez Andy Fitzpatrick.

He was all the betther for that sez Drury the publican, only that he never paid his shot.

Wait till he comes to his forthin in the moon, sez I.

"That will be the horsepond sez Brophy for courtin my daughter."

"And the gallows sez the piper for braiking my dhrones."

And the Bridewell, says Drury, for not payin me for my whiskey, but what a mercy is that droppin from the clouds yondher.

Its the divil or doctor Faustus says Braphy.

Its worse and be —— to it says the piper but the word was hardly out of his mouth when something sent him sprawling on his back, in the middle of the ditch, while the bag of his pipes went of like a clap of thunder.

Thin for it! some of us run this way—more of us run that way and in short we were all runnin one way or an other with the exception of Miss Mary who appeared to take everything very aisy in the middle. Lord presarve us, says auld Braphy at last catchin his breath, and lookin from under a Hawthorn bush, what can it be.

Flannagans Ghost to a dead certainty sez I, comin to be revenged for the liberty ye have taken with his character.

No sez a voice, that appered to come from the direction of the bewildhered bag pipes, but its O Flannagan himself, just returned from the moon after making his forthin.

"You're welcome to town Brian sez one."

"The divil a lie in it sez another."

You may swear to that sez a third.

"I always said, sez the publican, that he was a mighty honest boy."

And I sez the piper, barrin that he's ruined me for ever and a day.

I might be of the same opinion myself sez Brophy, if I could see the forthin.

With this we gathered round, and shure enough there was Brian sittin on the broken pipes, dressed out in a spick and span new suit of frize and with a purse of gold hanging about his throttle. If we were all very bizzy in welcomin him before, you may depend on it we were doubly so now, not that I mean to insinuate any thing shabby, but some how or other it appeared to me, as if the sight of the goold, had a grait effect upon the nature of his reception.

Is it from furrin parts you brought the purse, Brian my boy, sez auld Braphy, and do you intend to marry my daughter.

The divil a lie in that any way sez Brian.

Thin sez Brophy my dhraim's out and I'm the happiest man in the parish.

"Mr. Kenshela the noggin and my story 'areboth finished together."

"O! no Paddy not without the weddin any how."

"Bloodanages how dull you are—shure any fool might know that when an Irish boy and girl are primed for matrimony, they'll go off at half cock—they were married next day before sundown."

"But did Brian never complain of bruisin his head against the moon in his hurry."

"No, for he had some great larned words about the seat of attraction, and accordin to them, it appears he arrived at the moon in a sittin posture."

"But you never mentioned a word about who gave him the goold."

"Why you goose the man in the moon to be shure, howsomever there's a little mystery about that part of the bizziness that has never been properly explained."

"Well but Paddy do 'you think there's any truth in the rumor, that it was all a stratagem betwixt Mary and her mother, and that they stole the auld man's goold to help thim out in it."

"I hope Mr. Kinshela, you dont main to dispute my veracity!—however, I must own that such a thing was talked of, but thin, there was no more truth in it, than in the report that it was my brains were dancing about instead of the moon, the night I saw Paddy safe arrival in the sky from the garden; however, its all sheer envy, which any sensible man must see when he hears the story—for bye the fact that Mr. Flannagan intends to publish the particulars of his travels next week.

J. M. M.

We observe that Mr. Marsh is making great preparations to open his Summer Campaign at Castle Garden with more brilliancy than on any other occasion. The whole will be finished very shortly and then we have no doubt a very prosperous season will open to him,—for the situation of the garden renders it by day one of the most beautiful panoramas in the World,—and his intended increase of fireworks will make it a brilliant place for an Evening's amusement.

Mr Staunton, a popular Pyrotechnic, from the London Vauxhall, is engaged to manufacture the Fire Works for this season,—and immediately after the opening, we understand Mr. Durant, the Aeronaut, will make an ascent in a magnificent new Balloon, the largest that has even been used in the United States.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is love like fresh bread?

Because it is conducive of the heart burn.

Why is the hand of an enemy like an indiscretion?

Because it's a *foe pas*.

A SCENE IN THE PARK.

After attending the opera of the "Magic Flute" the other evening, and crossing the Park on our return home, we witnessed a somewhat singular evidence of the familiarity of one of its most popular airs. A considerable number of persons were collected together, and by their words and appearance, it was evident that some very violent difference of opinion had been entertained between some of the parties, but whether it arose from the excellence of Mozart or the brandy bottle, we were not informed. In the centre of the groupe stood one of the chief disputants, bearing about his face and particularly his eyes, some very thumping proofs of the greater strength of his adversary's hands if not of his arguments; and while he thus remained half groggy with his beating, and half beaten with his grog, his companions joined hands like the witches at the Cauldron, and dancing round their much bruised comrade, sang a noisy chorus of Horn's popular ballad, shouting to him in derision, "Dark-eyed one!—Dark-eyed one!" yelling around him like Cannibals about their sacrifices. This was rather a heavy penalty for entertaining a difference of opinion, to be first beaten by his adversary, and then laughed at by his friends.

The "David Brown" steamer, from Charleston, arrived on Wednesday, bringing Saturday's papers from that port, and having landed many passengers at Old Point Comfort, in Virginia. If any proof were wanting beyond this of the excellence of this mode of travelling to and from the south, it is to be found in the published acknowledgment of the passengers, not only of the very superior powers of the ship, but of the kind and gentlemanly conduct of Capt. Pennoyear.

A Partner Wanted.—A French Count rather in the decline of life, but worth 120,000 francs, advertises, in the Boston Palladium for a wife. he she maid or widow, who is young and handsome, and can invest an equal amount or *more*, in the common stock. We wish Monsieur all sorts of success in his disinterested and arduous undertaking, and would be sorry to hear, that after all his trouble, he ran the risk of dying an old bachelor; but, nevertheless, we think it very improbable that any *fair young lady*, with so many *possibles* at her apron strings, would be left in the lurch till a newspaper advertisement gives her an opportunity of disposing of herself and them to an old, and ten chances to one, very ugly gentleman.

The indefatigable and spirited Niblo is having his Gardens laid out in a new and beautiful manner for the ensuing summer. His shrubbery, full of Orange and Lemon Trees, together with the thousand other odorous plants that fill it,—sweetens the very air around. That highly talented Artist, Mr. Walker, is actively engaged in painting and decorating the large Music Saloon, which, when completed, will be one of the finest in the City,—and when it is occupied by a full assemblage of Nature's loveliest works,—surrounded with sweet flowers,—thus inhaling and breathing perfume,—and aided by the spells of music, what sight can be more lovely?

"Oh how the eyes of Beauty glisten
"When music has reached her inmost soul:
"Like the silent stars that wink and listen,
"While heaven's eternal melodies roll."

Justice.—The Editor of the Zanesville Gazette complains that he has received a piece of poetry well written but so badly composed that he declines its publication, and again that he received an essay well composed but so badly written that he has never been able to *read* it.

A Mr. S' John of Hubbordton Vermount is boasting of a calf lately reared by him weighing eight hundred and eighty pounds including his crib. This is something for a village to be sure; but we can assure Mr. S' John that there be many *calves* we could name in this goodly city who without any difficulty in the world could double the above—*including their money bags*.

Two infants united like the Siamese Twins, have been lately born in London and are soon to be exhibited in public. Some eminent men are of opinion, that it has been of late years so very difficult to have gentlemen and ladies anything like well *matched*, that Madame Nature has come to the determination of sending them into the world already *married*. The present specimen however gives the lie to this theory, for both children are of the same sex.

"Indian Traits,"—or sketches of the Manners and Customs of the North American Natives, by B. B. Thatcher, Author of the Lives of the Indians.—This work, which is in two volumes, forms No. 7 and 8 of the Boys and Girls' Library, and we have never met a little work of more agreeable and diversified interest. It abounds from beginning to end with information an amusement, and the manners of the aborigines are so clearly drawn that we seem to become familiar with their very thoughts. These volumes are admirably got up, as all the Harper's works are, and well worthy the perusal of every reader.

"Mrs. Morrel's Narrative."—This volume has been carefully prepared for the Press by the pen of a practised writer, and presents many very interesting details of Capt. Morrel's Voyages to the Cannibal Islands, which could not correctly appear in that work. Mrs. Morrel appears a most devoted and affectionate wife, looking upon even the most trifling actions of her husband as the deeds of a hero, and her writing, however good, can never credit her pen so much, as her sentiments honors her heart. There is much to interest any reader in the adventures among the savages, and much to commend in the style of the writing, which is light, easy, and agreeable. Published by J. & J. Harper.

FIRST IMPRESSION OF AMERICA.

BY A LADY.

Extracted from the "*Remembrancer*," of a young Lady; kept on her first arrival here, in order to preserve in all their freshness, the impressions of those habits and customs, which, though singular at first glance, soon become matters of every day indifference,—and used for the purpose of materials for letters to friends in Europe.

"Oh the delight of setting foot on good firm ground again, after the tossing and shaking of a five weeks' passage. Will any thing reconcile me to the idea of a sea voyage again? Nothing—I do believe,—nothing. The Captain took us to the shore in his own boat,—an honor for which not one of us had the good manners, I believe, to thank him, so glad were we to scamper off, the moment we were able to stand without the assistance of a sailor for a walking stick,—"all bedaubed with pitch and tar." Our kind old friend who boarded the ship at some distance from the shore in order to be the first to welcome us, conveyed us all to the house where he resided, but Mrs.—not being chez elle, we were ushered into the sitting room to wait her coming. The first peculiarities that struck us, were two rocking chairs placed on either side of the fireplace, and for a few minutes we thought it high fun to abandon ourselves to the idle luxury of lolling backwards and forwards in these—to us—novel appendages of a drawing room,—but we had not paid proper deference to the susceptibilities of some of our natures, when engaging in this unromantic employ, for in a very short time the well remembered motion brought back the recollection of our recent sufferings so forcibly to the "mind's eye," that it quite over came us,—and as for poor dear —— almost the first plunge, brought up "all her wrongs in terrible array." In the evening we sallied out for a walk in a place called Broadway which strongly reminded us of the Parisian Boulevards—indeed the whole appearance of the place, customs and manners, bore a stronger resemblance that evening to Paris, than anything I have seen since our departure from France. The past 10 o'clock, every body was out Ladies and Gentleman promenading the principal streets and enjoying the beautiful moonlight.—Bands of music playing in the Balconies of the different Museums and places of amusements,—the windows of all the sitting rooms thrown open to the night air, exhibiting groups of elegant figures variously employed, or here and there a solitary sentimental watching the passing crowd without.

Except when the evenings are thus inviting, the Citizens I understand, generally retire early, and are early risers.

Before we separated for the night, we were made acquainted, of course for the first time, with some of the famous American Oysters, and also with a whole basket full of the most charming peaches, such a quantity as in England would require a little fortune to purchase, but which are in such abundance here—as is almost every thing else—that they are not unfrequently given to the pigs in some parts of the country.

"Went on Sunday to a "Shakers" meeting, six miles from Albany. These shakers never mix with any other sect or persuasion, but have villages of their own and live apart, holding no communication with any but their own brotherhood. The place we went to had no name I believe but "The Shakers Village," having no other of the kind within many miles—indeed I believe there are but three or four in the whole of America, if so many. I've never heard of any but this one, and one much larger, at Lebanon—they never marry, it is not allowed—but persons who have been married, are admitted as members if they choose to separate from their partners, or have become widows or widowers, as the case may be; and any children they may bring into the society with them, are educated and brought up among them, till some particular age—I don't know what—when they have their free choice given them, either to remain among the brotherhood, or—should they prefer it—are put to a trade and allowed to enter the world again. They are very industrious and greatly respected—do and make every thing themselves, never allowing any persons of other persuasions to enter their village as residents, but if any go to visit them, they show every kindness and hospitality within their power, bringing out home made wine and all sorts of nicetes, which are kept purposely for such occasions, as they never touch them among themselves. They raise the best garden seeds in all America—you see them advertised in all the seed store windows—"Shakers' garden seed sold here."

The property belonging to any member when he joins the community is thrown into the one common stock. Their place of worship is a large room hung round with pegs and furnished with common benches like a school house—they have also benches reserved for visitors on each side—one for ladies, the other for gentlemen: for so strictly "proper" are they in their notions that they make even the visitors separate during the service, and do not allow them to enter at the same door even—the ladies must go in at one door, and take their places together—and the gentlemen follow the same rule at the other side.

They have no regular service, but sometimes the spirit will move one to say a word, and then after a pause another will begin and say a few more—but one man got up and said "I recommend brethren and sisters that we all sing," which they accordingly all did, and a pretty noise they made of it.

Then one read part of a chapter, from which it seemed to me the principal peculiarity of their service took it's rise: it was about "dancing before the Ark," or "the Temple." Before they began to dance, however, one of the Elders stepped forward, and addressing the visitors with great solemnity, hoped "his brothers and sisters would behave themselves, and be civil, and not whisper or laugh among themselves, but remember they were in a place of worship;" for sometimes (he added) the visitors were very uncivil, and behaved very badly.

Delighted with his eloquence, we sat as mute as mice for the remainder of the ceremony, and felt highly edified. They all stood up, with the exception of about a dozen *elderly* members, whose dancing days I suppose were pretty well over, ranging themselves in rows of about half a dozen in each, one behind the other:—men at one end, the women opposite,—they all commenced a sort of chaunt or hymn, in *unison* (or as nearly as they could manage it) at the same moment each lifting him or herself upon tiptoe and down again, to the time and rhythm of what they sang. Every now and then they changed the air, but always kept up the same motion with their bodies, all the while keeping their arms at their sides with their hands hanging down but moving their fingers to time, and occasionally clapping hands altogether, they looked very much like Kangaroos, or, as I fancy, a party of Kangaroos would look if congregated for church service. Every now and then they all lifted up their hands together as high as the shoulder and down again. This was repeated several times. They then formed into sorts of squares, nine in each, three in each row, one before the other. At a signal, (still singing away for dear life,) they commenced something very like a quadrille. They marched or danced, or whatever they call it, (for it's more dancing than any thing else,) three steps forward, then three steps to the right: then each gave a sort of half pirouette (bringing their backs to us) gave three steps away from us, then three to the left, and then a wheel round to their old quarters again. When tired of this, the men took hands two and two, the women did the same, and round and round the room they danced in procession, about twenty times, poor souls, every now and then clapping hands altogether, till they all seemed pretty nearly fainting with the heat; for it was in September and a very warm one. All this while they kept up a ceaseless shout or hymn, sometimes slow, and sometimes very quick, but always accompanied by the up and down, dancing motion of their bodies, and swinging of their hands. Once they all flopped down on their knees, but only for a minute or two, they soon got up again and danced away as merrily as ever—

Merrily danced the Quakers wives,
Merrily danced the Quakers.

When quite tired, the same old gentleman who had before given us such a specimen, came forward a second time, and in an equally neat and appropriate speech thanked us for "our civility," and told us "to go home."

The women were in white, white dresses, white caps, white bonnets, every thing white; their bonnets were hung up on pegs round the room, as were also the men's hats and coats; it being summer the gentlemen preferred dancing in their shirt sleeves, each sleeve tied with a natty little blue bit of binding fixed into a bow and two ends.

AGENTS WANTED.

Several agents wanted to travel South and East. Those accustomed to collect subscribers will be preferred. The prospects are very flattering, and the best of references will be required. Those having business with which this would blend, would find much advantage in this opportunity.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.

Four blocks of Buildings destroyed—Forty Horses burnt to death.—We have the painful duty to record one of the most desolating conflagrations, with which our city has ever been afflicted. The fire commenced about 11 o'clock, on Tuesday night, in the extensive stables of Messrs. Kipp and Brown, at the corner of Hudson and Bank streets, and before assistance could be rendered, upwards of forty horses perished in the flames. The block bounded by Hudson, Bank, Greenwich and Hammond Sts. was burnt to the ground in twenty minutes from its breaking out; it speedily communicated to the adjoining block, taking a westerly direction, which very soon after shared the same fate. About this time the wind, which had been high during the day, now freshened into a gale—the flames soon crossed to the westerly side of Hammond street, and shortly after the entire row fronting on Perry street and extending all the way to Washington street, comprising altogether four squares was in a blaze.

Language can scarcely describe the scene of confusion and consternation at this moment—hundreds of families who had removed their furniture to places supposed by them to be secure, were now seen flying in every direction before the fury of the all-absorbing element: in many instances furniture, after being removed, was destroyed by the fire.

Through the dense cloud of smoke and burning cinders, children, half naked were to be seen running to and fro, crying for their parents, and parents in despair, shrieking the names of their children!

The destruction of property during this appalling scene, must have been immense, and the extent of suffering and distress in consequence, incalculable. The fire had not been arrested at the time our informant left; but, from the abatement of the wind, together with a full supply of water in constant play, at the corner of Perry and Washington streets, it was supposed its progress would be stopped at that point.—*D. Adv.*

Thus far the Daily Advertiser of this morning. We now add all the authentic information we could gather on the spot.

The fire is supposed and asserted by many to have been the work of incendiaries—it can indeed, it is said, be proved to be so. In the upper part of the stables, six or seven men were sleeping, who all with great difficulty saved their lives—some by jumping from the window about 17 feet high, but no material damage was done: one colored man got his face dreadfully cut in descending. We understand that Kipp & Brown are not insured at all—their loss is very great: 8 carriages were burnt, which cost them $800 each, and 35 horses, worth upon an average from $80 to $100 each. Out of the 41 horses, only 5 were taken out alive, two of which are since dead.

The conflagration spread very rapidly. At the back of Kipp and Brown's stables was a warehouse, occupied as a store room for articles of a combustible nature, by Mr. John C. Morrison, chemist, which it is supposed contributed materially to spreading the fire. Nearly all the buildings in the rear were wooden, and in another building, immediately at the back, owned by Kipp and Brown, were 700 or 800 bundles of straw.

The conflagration extended through Bank, Hammond and Perry streets, and it is calculated that all the houses that stood on eight acres of ground are destroyed. There are various reports as to the number of the buildings, but we suppose from 150 to 180 at least. Among the chief sufferers is Mr. Moses Spiers, who owned a weaving establishment of some importance. We subjoin such particulars of the sufferers, with their residences, as we have been able hastily to collect.—*Mercantile*.

DEPARTURE OF CAPTAIN BACK.

On Thursday morning, Captain Back, Dr. King, and the other persons composing the band of adventurous heroes (accompanied by Colonel M'Dougall and several other civil and military gentlemen) proceeded to Lachine, and after breakfasting with James Keith, Esq. at the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company's house, embarked there, about noon, in canoes on their voyage to the Arctic regions. The excitement produced in the public mind, from the disastrous effects of the fire, on the preceding night, at Rasco's Hotel, and, under such circumstances, it not being generallly understood even where Captain Back could be found, after the general dispersion of property and persons occasioned by that melancholy event, precluded many of those who were ardently bent upon evincing their sense of his gallant services, from escorting the party to the verge of those waters, which will lead them to their destined object. We have been informed, however, that they embarked, (amid the hearty cheers of the party whom the occasion had assembled,) in high and overflowing spirits, equally proud at the attention which marked their residence in our hospitable city, as in the possession of that precious gift of hope, which beckons them almost beyond the traces of humanity, and cheers them to the goal of their ultimate destination.

It is not generally known, that four soldiers, belonging to Captain Andersons company of the Royal Artillery, stationed at St. Helen's, volunteered their services to accompany the expedition, the Commander of the Forces' approbation having been previously obtained. The cutthroats of these little fellows to serve in this memorable exploit could scarcely be imagined, and the names of boatswain John Rose, and gunners, Williamson, Carson, and Malley, will carry an imperishable record of the gallant spirit, that, like their leaders, has inspired them to renounce the enjoyment of all the comforts of civilized life to enlist in the service of suffering humanity. If the prayers and the blessings of the Christian family can insure the success of this noble crusade, we are persuaded they are offered, with a fervency and universal interest justly excited by the noble and lofty object of this work of preeminent benevolence. The whole party consisted of about thirty, they embarked in two canoes, and would overtake, at Bytown, that portion of the expedition which accompanied Captain Back from England to Montreal.

SNAKE STORY.—Our correspondent at Edgartown, informs us that some time last summer, as Mrs. Hadlow Crosby, residing a few miles from that place, was sitting in the lower room with the window open, she discovered a large black snake, looking into the room through the window. Not much liking a visit from his snakeship, she seized a gun, loaded it, and fired with so much precision, as to kill it on the spot. The snake measured seven feet in length.

Singular cause of Death.—James Turney, Esq. late Attorney General of Illinois, died on the 5th inst. near Carrollton in that State. Mr. Turney had recently become impressed with the truths of christianity, and had abandoned the profession of the law for that of the Gospel. While recently engaged in performing the act of baptism on a brother who had a wooden leg, the latter, while in the water, accidentally set the steel point of his artificial leg on the foot of Mr. Turney, which inflicted a severe wound, and the wound ultimately mortifying, occasioned his death.—*Courier*.

THE DRAMA.

The Park Theatre.

The Clandestine Marriage was repeated on Saturday, when the "Clutterbucks" made their second appearance. Since their first night they and their representatives have become much better known to each, and they certainly improve on acquaintance. The first Act of the Farce is exceedingly whimsical and full of bustle,—but the second, is a drag upon it which the talent of the actors could not entirely get over. By far the best parts in it, are the two intriguing servants, and they were exceedingly well acted by Mrs. Sharpe and Mr. Mason. The elder Clutterbuck was very amusing in the hands of Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Rice was much better in the Junior C., than on the former occasion.

The Magic Flute was repeated on Monday to a very full house, and the Opera certainly went off better than on any of its previous performances.—The change which has been suggested of placing the "Queen of night" in the hands of Mrs. Austin, might greatly benefit the Opera, if the arrival of Mrs. Wood, (which has been so much talked of,) should take place early enough to give the part of the Princess to that accomplished Vocalist. Mrs. Austin's sweet voice would be heard with great effect in the lovely music of the Fairy, and her person appear to much advantage, but the Opera would most unquestionably suffer by placing the first singing in the possession of a second rate singer.

"Every one has his fault" was performed on Tuesday and presented some very excellent acting. Mr. Placide's Solus was in his happiest vein, and elicited the general applause and approval of the audience. Mr. Clark's Harmony was extremely good Mr. Mason as Sir Rob. Rumble was full of life and gaiety, and evinced that easy manner so needful yet so much wanted with light comedians. Mrs. Sharpe's Lady Elinor was given with much feeling and good taste.

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The "Tempest" and "Der Frieschutz" were both given on Wednesday.—but neither of them advanced the reputation of the singers or the Theatre for producing good Operas.

Morton's favorite Comedy of the School of Reform gave us an opportunity of more closely noting the acting of Mr. Placide as "Tyke," than we have enjoyed on any other occasion when this play has been done,—and the more closely we examined it, the better were we pleased. There was an intensity of feeling, as well as a breadth of humour about it, that marked it out from the surrounding figures, distinctly and clearly,—and we think it one of the best pieces of acting, of one of the best of actors.

We omitted to mention in its place, that Miss E. Wheatley has been dancing "Taglioni's Waltz," on four or five occasions with much gracefulness and skill. She is a very charming little Dancer, and proves the interest she takes in her art by her daily improvement.

Bowery Theatre.

"Richard the Third," was played on Mon

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

"MINE HOST OF THE KING'S ARMS,"

OR BROADWAY IN '76.

A tale of the Revolution.

"Come tell us all about the dinner."

Some years before the time of the American Revolution, between Little Prince and Crown-streets, in Broadway, or as it was called in the time of the colonial government, Broadway street, there was a well known tavern, located with due reference to the officers who quartered in Fort George, and those who resided in the vicinity of the market place.—This antiquated mansion had been erected in the time of Lord Cornbury, and was even a noted place of resort for the elders of the garrison, and the ruddy faced burghers of the town.

The front of the mansion was of grey stone, and contained a few irregular windows; some of them were narrow, surmounted with a rude arch, and others, particularly those of the dining room, the reverse in size and construction, extended down to the floor, and served to admit the guests from the Piazza. From these the North river, destined to become at no distant period the grand highway of an immense country, was distinctly visible.

Two windows reposed upon its antique roof, and made the attic a kind of observatory, where the traveller who had arrived too late to enjoy the privilege of selecting his apartment, had an opportunity of studying the stars, and of arranging in figures best suited to his fancy, those which were shining through its little compartments.

The principal entrance to the house was wide and spacious; so much so, as once to have admitted the aforesaid Lord Cornbury and his favorite steed, when in a frolic he rode into the taproom and demanded a stirrup cup from the astonished host. The tap, contrary to the modern plan, was on the same enlarged scale; and if one horse could have passed through its door, a whole stud could have been comfortable within side. The bar was shining with the golden hues of the French distillers, and the mellow tints of ripened Madeira, merely corked up, like the wits of Astolpho, with due regard to their strength or value, only waiting to be set loose by the hand of adventurous friendship. About the walls of the room were disposed the little boxes of our modern Restaurateurs, screened at pleasure from the eye of curiosity by green silk curtains. One might have almost fancied himself in a London tavern, when at the sound of the little bell, a substantial chop, with a glass of sparkling ale, answered the call of the guest. On the high old fashioned mantelpiece, stood the clock, and on either side a brilliant row of shining tankards, slyly insinuating, as mine host would have it, how they helped "old time to pass." The dining room was a pleasant airy apartment; its floor covered with a rarity, an English carpet: and its walls were hung with sundry paintings in oil, by Dutch masters, whose names have not come down to us. A famous piece of Dutch furniture, well known as a Kass, of beautiful black walnut wood, standing upon ebony balls, occupied the side opposite the fireplace, and an immense pier glass, in a mahogany frame the space between the windows.

A piazza ran across the front, corresponding with the general appearance of the house, shaded with a goodly row of Catalpas, now almost extinct in the island. Here under their shade the loungers of the establishment discussed the merits of a kind of punch, peculiar to that day, and whiffed the rare tobacco of Cuba, not yet become an article in repute with the vulgar.

The tavern was well known as "The King's Arms," and the painter had, with unusual success, made out to preserve in the sign which he had bedaubed with paint, some faint resemblance of that very popular design of,

"The Lion and the Unicorn, fighting for the crown."

The view from the top of the house, gave the finishing stroke to the character of the King's Arms. Almost every dwelling in the city at that day was surmounted by a cupola, and Snodgrass the proprietor, had also his balcony with some conveniences annexed, that were not so common. It was furnished with several seats, and a table on which stood a telescope of great power. The view from it was enchanting. The old quadrangular fort, and the tri-bastioned battery, could be plainly seen; and the East and North rivers were perfectly distinct to the eye. The telescope brought the fleet within stone's throw, and you saw the men performing the daily exercise at their guns, which were then almost constantly employed against the French. Nutten island was visible, and so was Bedloe's; in short the delighted eye wandered at will over the whole bay, whose beautiful expanse of waters the wind so often lashed into fury and whitened with foam. But the evening scene was the favorite one with the lovers of the picturesque, when the last rays seemed to have penetrated beneath the surface of that watery plain, and there left behind, the golden hues of an evening sky.

Sometimes the gay appearance of the outward bound merchantmen brought the inmates of the King's Arms "upon deck," as Snodgrass called it, but most interest was felt at the signal for the monthly packet, which to so many brought long expected tidings of joy, and to so many, disappointment and hope deferred.

There was another place in view which had also its interest, and this was the little fort at Paulus Hook. This was an out post directly opposite the city, which had but lately been fortified, and was a kind of lookout—a military barometer for the city. The Americans lay in its vicinity, and small skirmishes took place almost every day between the advanced pickets; but as long as the British flag was flying, the gentlemen of the fort and the loungers at the King's Arms were quite safe, (or so they thought,) and out of harm's way.

In addition to all this, the view to the north was not without its charms. It included beautiful fields covered with verdure, fine ponds of water of considerable dimensions, and cultivated grounds that were in the very best style; the lovely domain of Mr. afterwards Sir Andrew Elliot, which the present Lady Cathcart well remembers as the happy scene of her infancy,) and that which was once the pride of Lady Warren. From Sand-hill to the monument which stood near her house, nothing but villas and shrubberies met the eye. Indeed, at Reed street the city ended and the country began. No wonder then, that the King's Arms was in such high repute, with citizens and military, lovers of punch and scenery. Even the Whitehall tavern, and the White Conduit house, over whose destines the worthy Samuel Matlock presided, and the Tea Water Pump of Jacobus Jarolemus, with "the Sea Dog" in the bargain, were not, in the slightest degree, competitors of the Broadway House, where Tommy Snodgrass stood pre-eminent in land-scapes and lunches, in "fried metaphors and stewed tortuosities."

But there was one thing about the King's Arms which no other public house in New York enjoyed. I mean the patronage of the army. From the time of Cornbury himself, who was the prince of spendthrifts, and ran up with a kind of thoughtless patronage, a bill with the first proprietor, which nothing but his succession to the Earldsip of Clarendon enabled him to pay down to the time of his Excellency the commander of that district, Gen. Birch, the military men had made it the scene of their carousals: and indeed some of the officers had their mess at the very time of our tale, under the shade of the aforesaid venerable Catalpas. Besides, the monthly packets had their letter bags posted in the bar-room. The foreign journals were here received and read by the subscribers to the establishment; and lastly, the belles of the city frequented a fashionable promenade, which happened to be directly in front of the piazza, giving rise to many a pleasing incident, which was duly turned into poetry, and transferred to the columns of the notorious Rivington, printer to the "King's Most Excellent Majesty." The Charade Club, if any such there was, here held their stated meetings, and with compliments which gave celebrity to belles long since forgotten, puzzled the wits of the town, and gave employment to "gentlemen of elegant leisure." What added to the celebrity of the establishment was, that during the winter season, the city Assemblies were held here twice a week, at two guineas the season. If any thing else influenced the gay gallants of the time to make it a place of resort, it was the circumstance, that Mrs. Patty Snodgrass was a genuine admirer of royalty and red coats, and withal one of the handsomest women of the day. This we suspect, added not a little to the celebrity of the house, in spite of its excellent accommodations: but we are also inclined to believe that this same predisposition of his handsome spouse brought many a moment of sorrow to mine host of the King's Arms. Like many other husbands, who are not rich in their own personal endowments, he felt the disparity between himself and his wife; and though he loved her with an honest attachment, there was no shutting his eyes against her love of admiration. This gave the finishing stroke to his peculiarities. At his own bar, he tippled many a "health to her he loved dear," and straightway forgot, in his glass, what manner of man he was—not that we wish to insinuate, by any means, that Tommy was ever so much out of the way as to forget what he owed to his customers, or what his customers owed him. He became attached to the bottle without ever having dreamed of the consequences, until by a general, though unpremeditated agreement among his customers, the nickname of Tommy Tippleglass was unanimously decreed him.

In those times, a publican was not so important a man as he is now; for the manners and early prejudices of the English, conspired to place an inn-keeper on a level with their grooms. He might have toiled until doomsday, without becoming a Trustee of any institution, or Director of any Bank. He would have been shoved out of his own doors had he ventured to murmur against the gentlemanly arrogance of his military guests: and what Tommy Snodgrass would have disliked much worse, he would have lost the cash and custom of the officers, and the handing of their "siller." The liberal spirit of the present age had not yet been felt: the qualities of mind alone, had not yet been ablo in a provincial country, to bring their possessor into public notice, especially when the patronage of the great was reserved for necessitous friends: and those who came out in official capacities were careful not to increase the number of native applicants, by showing them any ill-timed or impolite liberality. This effected the prosperity of greater men than Tommy Tippleglass, and he continued to "sweat and groan under a weary life," without ever dreaming of any other honors than those which his bar, and his own daily practice thereat, could ensure among the punch drinkers of the town.

There was one thing, however in which Tippleglass was determined to have his own way, and he would rather have suffered martyrdom than have allowed himself to be second to any on earth, in the mixture of a certain beverage, then more fashionable, than even the Prince Regent's punch of modern times. We mean the well-known Duke of Norfolk punch, which Tippleglass with great felicity mixed and diluted, to the satisfaction of the nicest palate. A half pint of my preparation, said Tippleglass, and three half pints of water, make a good bowl of punch, of Norfolk punch, that is, the Duke of Norfolk's punch—a half pint and three half pints, mind ye, as I make it, and here he generally swallowed a small glass of it himself, to ascertain whether he had made the compound too weak or too strong, too sweet or too sour. Your royal usquebaugh and your cinnamon water, said he, as he got his breath after the swallow, are fools to this punch of mine.

While he seemed engrossed with his bar and his wife, and his Norfolk punch, he had the prudence to keep silence as to his political views. From having been much in the northern part of the province, where a spirit of liberty was spreading fast and wide, he was convinced that the states would eventually be emancipated; and in spite of the throng of red coats who drank defeat to the rebels, and in despite of his wife, whose head was turned by their flatteries, he continued to cherish the secret hope, that he would be able to save his property, when the crisis actually arrived. He was, therefore, anxious to do any secret service for the continentals, which could not possibly be discovered, and continued to be as devoted as ever to his loyal guests.

He was now preparing a grand dinner, which the officers of the garrison were to give to the American General Lee, who was at last exchanged for General Prescott.

At the period of time to which this part of our narrative relates, a considerable change had taken place in the calculations of the British Commanders, with regard to the speedy subjugation of America. At the onset, they had supposed "an inconsiderable rebellion" was scarcely worth the name of a war, and that Sir Henry Clinton, was like Cæsar, to come, see, and conquer with, equal bravery and good fortune. But a few months changed the prospects that had been held out to them in the mother country. With every thing to discourage, and every thing to distress the Americans, they still continued to discover a spirit of resistance, and a love of liberty, which checked the hopes, and embarrassed the operations of the invaders.

Those of the natives who had at first faltered in their career, and who feared the means of the country were inadequate to its defence, had, by this time, most generally declared themselves, and in the language of the celebrated Declaration of Independence, had pledged, in support of so righteous a cause, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." But the particular feeling to which we allude, displayed itself in the exchange of prisoners. At the commencement of the war, the scaffold, it was openly said, was all that a rebel prisoner had a right to expect, and hanging was said to be too good for such as abjured their king and country. Some of the Continentals were actually thrown into confinement, preparatory to taking their trial for their lives, and indeed such was the spirit of the times, that the common courtesy of epistolatory correspondence, was violated more than once, by the English officers, in their communications with our beloved Commander-in-Chief. But happily for the cause he served, in the former case he was prompt in the system of retaliation, and in the latter he refused to have any intercourse with those who did not acknowledge in his person, the sovereign authority of the people, delegated to him by the Continental Congress.

The American officers were, it is true, well treated in comparison with their unfortunate men. It was officially announced by a Board of Commissioners, who had convened the year before, that the common soldiers were sometimes kept three, four, and five days, without provisions, and they were then tempted to enlist in the British service, by offers of food, which to half starved and hungry men, were almost irresistible. To say nothing of the prisonships which lay in the Wallaboat, where hundreds of patriots lost their lives by disease and suffocation, the general treatment elsewhere was so bad as to excite a burst of indignation throughout the whole confederation. It was said at the time, that in the month of February, 1777, it had been in contemplation by the British General, to transport all the American prisoners to India, a bourne from whence they were never to return. This cruel intention was, however, laid aside, and some alteration, as we had observed, had taken place in the feelings of the better sort of English officers. With a repentant feeling, which got the better of their prejudices, they began to respect, if they did not admire the Spartan courage of the Anglo-Americans, who continued to sustain the cause of liberty in a manner worthy of the heroic ages. Policy operated not a little also, to produce a change. Many distinguished officers had been captured, and General Burgoyne himself had become the object of even rebel sympathy.—The British were now as anxious to vindicate their honor, as they before had been indifferent to their reputation.

Communication after communication was made to General Washington of the relaxation in the treatment of the prisoners, and it was a farther attempt at reconciliation that induced the officers at New-York, including the Hessians, who styled him "goot rebel," Reimbach, Wissenbach, and all to unite in giving a farewell dinner to an American general officer, who after a year's confinement in New York, under circumstances of considerable hardship, was about to resume his command.

The guests were now arrived, and for this dinner, Tippleglass had robbed "*earth, air,* and *ocean* of its *sweets*." As our readers may imagine, he was, with due meety; attired in his gala dress. Neat short clothes, and paste buckles at the knees, blue stockings, and shining shoes, lost, ever and anon, under the snowy whiteness of a clean apron, made up his tout ensemble. Tippleglass, on whom his pretty wife was beginning to let off a small peal of her artillery for his delay, seized a tray on which stood a punch bowl of enormous dimensions, and hastened to the with-drawing room, where the party had assembled. "Ah, here is mine host," said a hand-some young fellow, who wore an epaulette on the right shoulder, "here comes the punch-bowl, and the Duke of Norfolk. Why Tippleglass," continued he, "your knees tremble, under the load, as if the contents of your bowl had affected your understanding! Answer me, mine host, on the honor of a publican." "The Honorable Captain Belaguer cannot be serious. This punch bowl has its ingredients commingled with my hand, that has mixed ere now, many a cup of right good Norfolk punch, and no questions asked." "Well," replied the young man, (a thoughtless, but brave and intelligent officer,) "we'll try this punch, and if it be too sweet or too sour, too strong or too weak, I'll kiss thy wife, to bespite thee for thy puns."

"Then my wife passes Scot free for once with your honor, for my punch is of the best, and the contraries well observed, and I will, gentlemen, with your permission, withdraw, and apprise General Lee that dinner waits." "Present my compliements to General Lee," said another person, who was walking up and down the room, and was laughing at Belaguier for the unexpected retort of Tippleglass, "present the compliments of Col. Hanger, of the Jagers, and inform him, that his Majesty's officers are assembled, and will be happy to see him." As Tippleglass left the room, another officer of a thin figure, with a dark complexion, and immense mustachios, cried out, "'Tis a great bore after all, here's a renegade from the service, who was taken in actual rebellion, and we are giving him a dinner. Do you not think so, Baron Reidesel?" "Shame, shame," said the veteran, "I plush for vat you say. You are too harsh; you speak too pold for de times. General Lee, in mine esteem, is a goot rebel, and de policy of de day, is petter to make friends as enemies. Besides, in mine country, we do not pring tears to de eye of de unfortunate, whom we have taken in de pattle."

This remark of the good old Baron, precluded, by the impressiveness of its manner, all further criticism of the kind alluded to. Besides Belaguier had just taken a theatrical position on the floor, and was quoting with his usual vivacity, from Julius Cæsar, "Friends, Countrymen and Lovers! Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear!" The speaker would have gone on, for he had assumed a really handsome attitude, when he accidentally caught a glimpse of himself in a per glass, and burst into a fit of laughter. At this moment the door opened, and General Lee entered with the air of a well-bred and accomplished man. He was habited in the full uniform of the American staff:—a light blue coat with plain lappels, laced collar and open front, under which a buff vest was distinctly visible, was surmounted on either shoulder by a gold epaulette. A cross of Stanislaus, hung from a buttonhole on the left side, and the red ribbon, which was then worn by the American officers, was neatly looped through the same aperture. Buff small clothes, and white silk stockings completed his dress. His head was powdered in the fashion of the day. He was tall and well made: his features, with the exception of his full aquiline nose, were regular and expressive. His complexion, embrowned by the service he had seen in various climates, when not "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought," was of a manly hue, and his eyes flashed fire as his imagination took wing. Possessing a capacious understanding, and extraordinary genius, he was suspected of the greatest political effort of the times. The letters of Junius were attributed to his comprehensive mind. He was true to his friends and to his enemies. He was early inured to arms, and served first in the British service, as Lieutenant Colonel, and next in that of Portugal, as a Colonel,—afterwards as the aid of his Polish Majesty, the compeer of the brave Koscinsko, "Warsaw's last champion," he struggled to preserve the liberties of Poland.

The art of war had been his study from his youth: not a principle in the vast range of its theories was unknown to him: he planned and executed with equal judgment, and at this time, was looked up to by the American soldiers, who dearly loved him, as a prodigy of talent and military skill. He had succeeded in inspiring the levies with absolute contempt for the British troops, a feeling which was found of the first importance on more than one occasion. Indeed, his fault was, that he carried it to carelessness, and this was the cause of his own captivity, at a moment when his services were most needed by his adopted country. He was surprised by the same Colonel Harcourt, who was now one of his entertainers, in a manner truly mortifying to the American army. His genius, however, was sullied by an irregularity which bordered on affectation, and at times, on meanness—and his character was often injured by unpardonable offences against good morals and good order.

As he entered the room, the company rose, and he received their civilities with an easy air, which a sense of his own rank and consequence, transferred to every look and gesture.

[*To be Continued.*]

We entertain a most worthy horror of this abominable phrase, and would almost as readily read the promise of a tedious old crone to "call again to-morrow." But in this case it was unavoidable: the story was too long to print at once, and after vainly trying to condense it, we found we

"————hardly could tell where
"It would not spoil some separate charm, to pare."

CONUNDRUMS,

Given by Mr. Rice in Billy Black, as Black Billy.

Why is the President's Proclamation like a bottle of sarsaparilla? D'ye ye give it up? Because it preserves the *Constitution*.

Why are the ladies' dresses like money in a will? Because it's a *Leg-a-see*.

Why are my friends like old Virginny Niggers? Because they are fond of *Rice*.

Why is a bad wife like the steamboat arrangements? Beause the *baggage is always at the aisk of the owner*.

Why are the Italian company like men with long beards! Because "the Burber" is likely to *share them*.

Why is a man that beats his wife like an elephant? Because he's a *great brute*.

THE BEWILDERED LOVER.

From a late English paper.

A letter from Paris, dated March 8th says—"Another mysterious affair, in which a dame of high wedded degree is deeply concerned, excites, and almost divides public attention. M. B——, head clerk in the rue du ——, was lately taking *air* in the Boulevars, when struck by the *graces* of a beautiful lady, he followed, and finally addressed her. After two hour's promenade, the enamored swain grew bolder, and though an indefinable something of dignity and consequence was perceptible in his fair and amiable enchantress, he proposed their retiring to a *restaurateur's* for refreshment, yet half afraid of his presumption, he trembled for her answer. The lady, however, confided in his *pro mised honor, &c.*, and the happy pair adjourned to the *cabinet particulier* of a *trouteure renomme* in the Champ Elysees. At the end of the desert the dame slipped out, and soon after announced her departure, having left two louis to pay the bill! Two months elapsed while the disconsolate clerk sought his charming incognita in vain. At length he recognized her, during mass, in the church of St. Sulpice; she denied all knowledge of him—he persisted, threatened, and finally followed her out of the *Eglise*. The cruel fair got into a splendid carriage, but with the rapidity of lightning, or rather *lore*, the sub-notary caught a lacquey's arm, introduced two golden pieces into his palm, and inquired the lady's name and address. 'The Countess de ——, rue ——, was the reply. The sub-notary despatched divers *billets-doux*; no answer. The sub-notary, called at the dame's hotel divers times; no admittance. The sub-notary, however, ascertained that his cruel one had been house-keeper to the old Noblesman to whom she was now married; that if she blessed the Count with a son and heir, she would have a legacy of 100,000 francs a year when her husband died, otherwise she would be cut off with only 60 louis per annum. The revengeful *sub* wrote the particulars of the dinner and the desert to the luxurious count, who refused to believe a word of it. Her lady-ship lately presented her lord with a son and heir, but wonderful to tell, in the course of the indentical day, and during the joyous confusion, the child was spirited away, and is not yet found.

Bees.—In Wythe county, Va. in a spur of the Allegany mountains, called "Tobacco Row," is a perpendicular ledge of rocks, fronting the southeast fifty feet high—an open, sunny situation. Thirty feet from the base, a horizontal crack or fissure opens in the rock, from half an inch to six inches in width, and extending near eighty feet in length. This fissure is full of bees! Their numbers are so great that in the summer they hang out in huge clusters for several feet above and below the fissure, in its whole length. A short distance above are two other cracks containing earth, in which grow some little chinquapin bushes, and these are covered with the bees. They frequently go off in huge swarms, like a barrel or hogshead in bulk, and are often compelled to return, finding no place large enough to contain them. In the spring previous to commencing their labors, the dead bees, remnants of comb, and cleansing of the habitations which are brought out and dropped by them, make a winrow of a foot in height the whole length of the opening.

The Otaheite Phenomenon.—Kotsebue, who visited the Island of Otaheite only a few years ago, was the first to communicate to the world the singular law by which the tides at this island are regulated—namely that the time of high water is precisely at noon and midnight all the year round. The island of Otaheite was first discovered by Capt. Wallis, in 1767 it was visited by the celebrated Captain Cook, accompanied by Dr. Solander and Joseph Bonkes. An accurate survey of the whole island was made by them. It has since been visited by hundreds of navigators from all quarters of the old and new world, yet none of them (except Kotzebue) has condescended to notice this wonderful phenomenon, though it is of a nature to attract the attention of the most careless observer.

Sang Froid.—A curious circumstance occurred within a few days. A person from Hungary was travelling to Norwich, when, turning his eye into the plantation near Brooke, he saw a man hanging from a tree, and struggling as if he had just been suspended. The traveller instantly cut him down, loosened the rope from his throat and succeeded in restoring him to life and his faculties. This was no sooner accomplished than the person (whoever he was) rose and said, "thank you sir," and walked quietly away without further parley.

Married,

On Tuesday morning, 23d inst. by Rev. Dr. Bangs, Mr. Lemuel Bangs, of the firm of McElrath, Bangs & Co, to Miss Sarah Almira, daughter of Mr. Samuel Disbrow, all of New York.

On Thursday evening, 26th inst. by the Rev. Francis M. Ks Edward A. Torrey, to Louisa Matilda, daughter of the late Isaac B. Strong, all of New York.

On Thursday evening, 25th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Geo. Miller, Mr Henry Wood, to Miss Mary Pomeroy, all of New York.

Died,

On Friday morning, 26th instant, in the city of New York, Sarah K. only daughter of Egbert and Abbey Scudder, aged 15 months.

On Saturday morning, in the city of New York, Mr Oliver E. Cobb, of the house of P. & J. S. Crary & Co.

On Friday afternoon, in New York, Jonathan Lawrence, Jr. aged 25.

On Saturday last, in New York, in 46th year of her age, Eliza, wife of Professor McVickar, and daughter of the Dr. Bard.

At Baltimore, on the 17th inst. Capt Oliver Hicks, aged 57 years. He was of Massachusetts—but a resident of Baltimore for the last 8 or 9 years.

At Key West, April 11, David Coffin Pinkham, Esq. Counsellor at Law and Deputy Collector of the Port, a native of Mass. His death was occasioned by a wound received in a duel with Dr. B. B. Strobel, formerly of Charleston, on the 23d March.

HARLÆM TROTTING PARK.

THE Trotting on this Course will commence on Wednesday, the 14th of May, and continue three days.

FIRST DAY—At one o'clock, 3 mile heats, in Harness; free for any Trotting Horse carrying 145 lbs.

SECOND DAY—At one o'clock, 2 mile heats, under the Saddle; free for any Trotting Horse that never trotted for a purse or match of over twenty five dollars; carrying 145 lbs.

SAME DAY—At three o'clock, 2 mile heats, under the Saddle; free for any Pacing or Racking Horse; carrying 140 lbs.

THIRD DAY—At one o'clock, 3 mile heats, under the Saddle, free for any Trotting Horse except the winning horse of the first day's purse; carrying 145 lbs.

The entries to be made at the house of John Woodruff on the Course, at 4 o'clock, on the day before the trotting.

Further particulars made known at the time of entering the Horses. m3

T. HUNT & H. ROWELL'S INCOMPARABLE MATCHLESS BLACKING, from London.

T. Hunt & H. Rowell having taken an extensive manufactory for the purpose of carrying on the Blacking business, begs most respectfully to inform the inhabitants of New York and its vicinity they can be supplied with an article *cheaper* and *better* than any in present use.

If any doubts should arise upon the above subject with any person, they are invited to call at No. 40 Canal street, where blacking and brushes are to be found to prove the above statement. Manufactured at No. 40 Canal street, near Broadway, New York.

N. B. A first rate article of Black and Red Ink also for sale. Merchants and Captains look to this advantage m4

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTORY, 71 Chambers street, second door west Broadway.—The subscriber respectfully informs he public that he keeps on hand a handsome assortment of the above articles, which he will sell at wholesale and retail.

Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage by calling at the above place.

Umbrellas and Parasols covered and repaired in the neatest manner.

HENRY CROSSMAN,

N. B. An Apprentice wanted, from 16 to 18 years of age; would be required to board with his parents. a12 12t

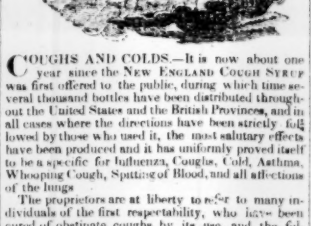
FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

A SUITE of handsome unfurnished Apartments to let from the first of May next, in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. a20

RUDIMENTS of the ITALIAN LANGUAGE; or, *Easy Lessons in Spelling and Reading*; with an Abridgement of the Grammar—adapted to the capacity of children——by Pietro Bachi, Instructor in Harvard University.

An elementary Book, suited to the capacity of children who are learning Italian; and the difficulty they necessarily meet with in using larger works, composed for more advanced students, must have long been perceptible to those teaching in that language. This work is intended to remedy that defect—being a briefer manual, which contains only the essential forms and principles of the Language, with the plainest illustrations, and might be easily understood and committed to memory, and thus lay a foundation for a more extended study of it in future treatise. This day published by

CARTER & HENDEE,
School Book publishers, and for sale at the principal Bookstores in New York. mh30 tf



COUGHS AND COLDS.—It is now about one year since the NEW ENGLAND COUGH SYRUP was first offered to the public, during which time several thousand bottles have been distributed throughout the United States and the British Provinces, and in all cases where the directions have been strictly followed by those who used it, the most salutary effects have been produced and it has uniformly proved itself to be a specific for Influenza, Coughs, Cold, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and all affections of the lungs

The proprietors are at liberty to refer to many individuals of the first respectability, who have been cured of obstinate coughs by its use, and the following letters received by them are added, for the perusal of those who may be troubled with similar complaints.

Gentlemen—After having tried by the recommendation of my friends, almost every medicine for a cough, without the least relief, I had recourse to your New England Cough Syrup, and am enabled to say, with much thankfulness, that it has cured me of one of the most obstinate coughs I ever knew, and shall feel it to be a duty to recommend it to every one whom I find in need of so valuable a medicine.

[Signed]—Yours respectfully,
JOHN P. STEVENS.

The very great benefit that I have derived from the use of your Syrup has astonished me beyond measure. From the length of time that I had suffered from a most inveterate cough, I supposed I should never be rid of it while I lived. But by taking the bottle of Syrup which I procured from you, I have been perfectly cured, and now enjoy good health. Signed
STILLMAN ROBINSON,

Several Physicians have used the N. E. Cough Syrup in their practice. An order was received sometime since from a distinguished medical gentleman at the south. In a subsequent letter he remarks, "Your Cough Syrup is invaluable. It cured me entirely of an inveterate cough upon taking the 5th dose. Of the dozen which I received from you, I gave away all but two bottles; one of the two I used in my own case, (a part of it) the other I have by me. In almost every case of those given away, the patients called and spoke of the astonishing effect of the remedy." The following note from a young gentleman of this city, was received a few days since.

It gives me great pleasure to be to able add my testimony in favor of your New England Cough Syrup, two bottles of which having entirely cured my cough, which was so severe that my physician advised me to spend the coming winter in a southern climate, but the fortunate use of your Syrup will preclude the necessity. Boston, Sept. 1832.

Particular directions for use accompany each bottle.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Prepared only by MOFFAT, PLUMMER & CO. Druggists, 188 State street, opposite Broad street, Boston. Sold wholesale by them and by DANIEL GODDARD & CO., 147 Maiden lane, New York, retailed by the Apothecaries generally throughout the United States and British Provinces.

Also, in this city by Place & Stoullard, No. 2 Park Row; by Geo. D. Coggeshall, corner of Pearl and Rose streets; by Jno. B. Dodd, 193 and 643 Broadway; by David Perkins, corner of Maiden lane and Nassau street; by Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street and 110 Broadway; by N. B. Graham, corner of Cedar and William streets; by Marshall C. Slocum, corner of Broadway and Dunne street; by Whiting & Merrill, corner of Catharine and Madison streets. a20 1y

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !

PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Taunton.

The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morris-st. daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for New Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $3.

Passage to and from New Brunswick and Amboy, 37 1-2 cts. Breakfasts 37 1-2 cts.

The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.

For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 21 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.

All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.

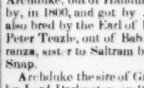
N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.

Easton Stage leaves New Brunswick daily on the arrival of the Steamboat, and arrives the same evening.

WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
a27 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE SMALL SWORD.

MR. G. JONES, Professor of Fencing, (of the American theatre, Bowery,) respectfully announces to his pupils and the public, that his Academy for instruction in the above manly and graceful science will re-open on Monday next, April 22d.

The "Graces" of Fencing most particularly attended to.

Application to be made daily, at the Theatre, from 10 A. M. to 12 at noon. a20 6t

THE HIGH-BRED IMPORTED RACE HORSE AUTOCRAT, will stand the ensuing season, at Bradshaw's Hotel, in the village of Harlæm, upon New-York Island, eight miles from the City, at the following terms: thirty-five dollars for the season: Mares ensured with foal at fifty dollars, half-bred Mares at twenty five dollars for the season. Those charged by the season, to be paid for when the Mares are taken away: those ensured to be with foal, as soon as it can be ascertained. Good pasturage provided for Mares, and all requisite attention paid to them, on reasonable terms; but the Proprietor will not hold himself responsible, for any accidents or escapes.

AUTOCRAT was imported by the subscriber in September last, is a grey, 16 1-2 hands high, eleven years old next grass, and one of the largest class of "Blood Horses; fine form, combining substance, beauty, and muscular power, in a degree rarely to be met with; is an elegant mover, and what is equally essential, of a mild and placid temper, kind and gentle in his disposition. Was himself a good runner at all distances, from one to four miles, with heavy weights, and is one of the few Horses which have been brought to America, who won a King's Plate in England, four mile heats, at high weights, which he did at Litchfield in Staffordshire, on the 12th of September, 1826, when only four years old, carrying the extraordinary weight of 147 lbs. beating at two heats some of the best Horses of that year. He is also descended from one of the best running families in England, partaking largely of both the King Herod and Eclipse blood, with two crosses of the famous Godolphin Arabian; all which, as above stated, will be seen from the Pedigree and Performances here given.

PEDIGREE.

Autocrat, a Gray Horse, bred by the Earl of Derby in 1822, sixteen hands and a half high, got by Grand Duke; his dam Olivetta by Sir Oliver; grandam Scotini by Delpini; great grandam Scota by Eclipse; great-great grandam sister to Highflyer's dam by Blank; g.g.g. grandam by Regulus——g.g.g.g. by Sorebhebs——g.g.g.g.g. grandam by Makeless, g.g.g.g.g. grandam C. D'Arcy's Royal Mare.

Tracing thus back on the side of the dam, through the best blood, including that of King Herod and Eclipse, with two crosses of the Godolphin Arabian, in his sons Blank and Regulus, to a Royal Mare.

His sire Grand Duke, was a chesnut, bred by Sir T. S. M. Stanley, in 1815, and got by Archduke, son of Archduke, out of Handmaid, bred by the Earl of Derby, in 1809, and got by John Bull; her dam a grey, also bred by the Earl of Derby, in 1797, and got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab by Bordeaux; her dam Sparranza, sister to Saltram by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap.

Archduke the sire of Grand Duke, was a brown, bred by Lord Darlington, in 1804, his dam, full sister to Benningbrough, by King Fergus, and bred by Mr. Hall, in 1890, his grandam by Herod, Matchem, Dutchess, &c.

Archduke the grandsire of Grand Duke, was a brown, bred by Sir F. Standish, in 1796, a full brother to Mr. Teazle and Stamford, got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam Horatia, sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton, in 1787, and got by Eclipse, out of Countess, Delpini's dam, by Blank—Rib—Wynn's Arabian—Governor—Alcock's Arabian—Grasshopper. Archduke, the grandsire of Grand Duke, was imported in 1793, and is the sire of Polly Hopkins' dam.

King Fergus, sire of the Dam of Archduke the younger, was a chesnut, bred by Mr O'Kelly, in 1775, and got by his famous Eclipse; his dam, Tuting's Polly, bred by Mr. Blake, in 1756, got out by Blacksand-all-black, out of Fanny by Tartar, Old Starling, Childers,—Grantham, Wilkinson's Barb—Mr. Milbank's Bald Peg.

Sir Oliver the sire of Olivetta the dam of Autocrat, was a bay, bred by Lord Gray, in 1800, a full brother to Miss Teazle, Josephina, Fyldener, Poulton, Fadladinda, &c. by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, bred by the Duke of Queensberry, in 1790, and got by Diomed; her dam Ambrosia, by Woodpecker; dam by Blank—Regulus—Sorebeels—Makless—Christopher—D'Arcy's Royal Mare. Thus in the third generation back, on the mare's side; Sir Oliver runs into the same blood as that of Olivetta, the dam of Autocrat—Delpini was by Highflyer, out of Countess by Blank; John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe, sister to Don Quixotte, by Eclipse.

PERFORMANCES.

CHESTER.

May 4th, 1825, at three years old, the December Stakes of 50 Guineas each, half forfeit; for three years old Colts, 8st. 7lbs. and Fillies, 8st. 4lbs. The owner of the second horse withdrew his stake, once round and a distance—Seven Subscribers.

Lord Derby's gr. c. Autocrat by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta—B. Smith. 1

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Doctor Faustus. 2

Mr. Clifton's ch. f. Infant Lyra by Walton out of Thomasina, 3

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Ludford, Sir W. Wynn's br. c. Randall by Champion out of Banshee, and Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Escape, also started but were not placed.

Seven to four against Autocrat, and eleven to five against Dr Faustus.

Friday, 6th, the Palatine Stakes of 50 guineas each, h. ft. for three years old, once round, starting at the Castle Pole, the owner of the second horse received back his stakes—Seven Subscribers.

Lord Derby's gr. c. Autocrat, 8st. 4lbs.—B. Smith. 1

Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Androgeos 8st. 4lbs. 2

Six to four on Autocrat.

LITCHFIELD.

Tuesday, Sept. 13th, the Staffordshire Stakes of 25 sov. each, with 30 added by the Ladies, for three years old Colts 8st. 3lb. and Fillies 8st. one mile—Four Subscribers.

Lord Derby's gr. c

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

J. BURDELL, Dentist, 307 Broadway, corner of Duane street, entrance in Duane street.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 16 Broad street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

FISHING TACKLE.—A. OGSBURY & SON, No. 77 William street, corner of Liberty, are selling off their stock of Fishing tackle at reduced prices. Feb 16 3t

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8-

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington-street. f2

TO PRINTERS.—For sale cheap, a font of Long Primer, a fount of Small Pica, and a small fount of Brevier, all of which has been a little used. They would answer .or a country newspaper. Enquire at No. 7 Wall st .or at this office. March 9 tf

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware ; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

CABOT, Looking Glass, Portrait end Picture Framer, No. 568 Pearl street, five doors from Broadway. Ladies end Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the patterns. Feb 16

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholetale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MANGIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he perfo- s all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.
Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

OATS, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A. MERRELL.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York ; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE, 67 Watt st. New York. j19

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Finish Hotel. Feb2

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner o Gold, has this day published a *New Edition of Dr. Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in two octavo volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr. Johnson, not included in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery ; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him tae favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.
L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*. N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication ; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table ; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regula attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense*. june 1y

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M. ; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Holliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4.50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.

FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belcherton, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.

LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 1 P. M. and in New York the 3rd day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. (Sundays excepted.)
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail Stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sudays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of some days. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive untill Monday, at Lowell and Albany This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. n the basement, by
nov10 [GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

Stages and Steamboats.

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.
Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows :—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.
The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation ; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.
Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. a30

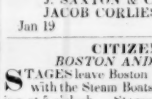
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays ; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SANTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

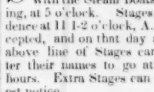
CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 8 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.
For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger William's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Mansion House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.
T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
apr 19 eply *Agents.*

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.
Stage Company, Office No. 11 Elm Street, Boston



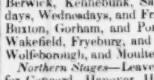
NEW Line of Stages from Boston to Augusta, Me. through in two days, and fare reduced to $7.
Leaves Boston every morning at 7 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Kennebunk same evening. Leaves Kennebunk next morning and arrives at Hallowell and Augusta same evening. Passes through Haverhill, Exeter, Dover, Kennebunk, Portland, Brunswick, &c., to Augusta. Returns every day in the same order.
ALSO, Stages leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Haverhill, Exeter, Portsmouth, Newmarket, Durham, and Dover. *Returning*—Leaves Dover every Morning, at 7 o'clock, on the same route to Boston. They meet every day at Dover, the Great Falls, Berwick, Kennebunk, Saco, and Portland ; on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Sandford, Alfred, Buxton, Gorham, and Portland ; also, the Rochester, Wakefield, Fryeburg, and White Mountain ; also, the Wolfeborough, and Moultenborough Sandwich Stages.
Northern Stages—Leave every morning at 7 o'clock, for Concord, Hanover, Haverhill, Burlington, Montreal, and Quebec,—and return every afternoon.
Accommodation Stages—Leave every morning, at half past 7 o'clock, for Andover, Haverhill, Amesbury, and Newburyport ; and returns every afternoon.—Also, leave, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. for Reading, Andover, Bradford, and Haverhill,—and return by the same route, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.
Lowell, Dover, Portsmouth, and Newburyport Stages, Leave each place every morning—meet at Haverhill, and return every afternoon.
☞ *Extra Carriages* always in readiness. The Company not accountable for Money or Baggage, unless delivered to an authorized agent. *Sundays* always excepted in our Advertisements.
HIRAM PLUMMER, *Agent.*
mar 1 tf

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDE'S, No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.



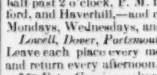
THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilde's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.
CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.
Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.



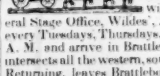
THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Chatham, Morriston, Sucksasony Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olian Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, NeWport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY
SEARL & BOICTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

BOSTON AND NEWPORT
Stage, Mail via Taunton, Fall River, & Stone Bridge,



LEAVES Marlboro' Hotel, Washington Street, Boston, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Newport the same evening. Returning by the same route—leaves Newport, Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston the same evening. Leaves Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7 o clock A. M., and arrives in Boston the same evening. Fare $4.
JESSE SMITH, & Co.
ep1 *Proprietors.*

TAUNTON AND PLYMOUTH
Mail Stage, via Raynham, N. Middleborough, South and East Bridgewater, Halifax, and Plympton.



LEAVES Taunton Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Plymouth the same evening. Fare $2.
N. B. This line intersects with the Providence Accommodation Stage at Taunton.
JESSE SMITH, *Taunton.*
ROBERT DUNHAM, *Plymouth,*
eply *Proprietors.*

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days :—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

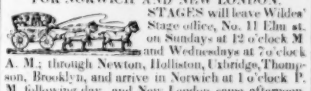
FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturda "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday "	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Tuesday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Thursday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Tuesday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

FOR NORWICH AND NEW LONDON.



STAGES will leave Wildes' Stage office, No. 11 Elm st. on Sundays at 12 o'clock M and Wednesdays at 7 o'clock A. M ; through Newton, Holliston, Uxbridge, Thompson, Brooklyn, and arrive in Norwich at 1 o'clock P. M. following day, and New London same afternoon, until further notice. Extra Coaches at short notice and onreasonable terms. dec 29

STAGE OFFICE.
Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woolstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro,' Westboro,' Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extr Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

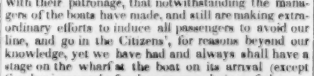
LOWELL AND BOSFON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

TREMONT LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
FARE TWO DOLLARS.

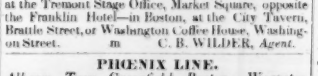
A NEW and elegant Line of Post Coaches, has commenced running between the two cities as follows :—Leaves Boston every morning (except Sundays,) at 1-2 5 o'clock A. M., and arrives in Providence before 12 M., over an hour before the boats leave for New-York. Returning leaves Providence on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston, in less than six hours, from one to two hours before the remainder o the stages of the old line.
The proprietors of this line, respectfully inform their friends, and all those who may be pleased to favor them with their patronage, that notwithstanding the managers of the boats have made, and still are making extraordinary efforts to induce all passengers to avoid our line, and go in the Citizens', for reasons beyond our knowledge, yet we have had and always shall have a stage on the wharf at the boat on its arrival (except Sunday,) expressly for the accommodation of those o our friends, who will please not to pay their stage fare on board the boat, assuring them that we shall always live up to our advertisements, any management on board the boats to the contrary notwithstanding.
For seats or further information, apply in Providence at the Tremont Stage Office, Market Square, opposite the Franklin Hotel—in Boston, at the City Tavern, Brattle Street, or Washington Coffee House, Washington Street. m C. B. WILDER, *Agent.*

PHENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcster and Providence Stages.



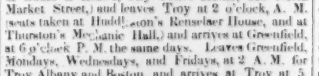
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hill, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



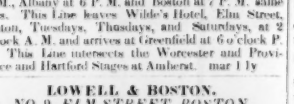
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. (seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and J. Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thusdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for New hampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Beattle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York ; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANT'S LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.
THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water-st. New York ; Platt Williams, Co. Albany ; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester ; Barker & Holt, Buffalo ; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa ; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O. ; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O. ; J. W. Hollister & Co, Sandusky City O. ; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O. ; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati ; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.
JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD !*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself : with the *size*, *strength*, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed,